THE FORUM

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A DISCORD IN THE SWEET ORCHESTRA OF OPTIMISM

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

THE sub-freshman who thought an optimist was "a sea-monster with a nucleus and any number of waving legs" was wrong. An optimist is a land-monster. It seems strange that no enterprising parody-monger has altered the time-serried maxim to read: "Hell is paved with optimists." Certainly as mile-stones and finger-posts along the way they withstand well time and weather; and though I am no great traveller, I suspect that the city Shelley thought so much like London shares with London and New York and all modern cities their paving material. From optimus, through melior, bonus, mal, peior, down to pessimus, optimists form the highway. In justice it must be said that even to him who runs, provided he can read at all, some outstanding figures point not to the hell toward which they lean, but backward, up the hill of hopeful endeavor. And upon each rooted and petrified optimist the traveller reads in letters of living darkness, "Abandon hope, all ye who journey further."

Misled by etymology, many have sought and interviewed these optimists, hoping to be directed to the Summum Bonum. But with the terrible gravity of logic the logic of gravity has carried them down the hill only to plump into the slough that engulfs unthinking goodness, the graveyard of optimists.

At the very foot of the hill and sucked into the marrow of the bog is a large though not a goodly company. They are the sons and degenerate grandsons and kin of Mary, of whom Kipling told us not long ago. These are the religious optimists,

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they who have prayed to have their debts removed far from them and are surprised at the apparent deafness of Providence; they who have formed the habit of laying their burdens upon the Lord. "The Sons of Mary," who trust God with such fervent zeal that they cannot without impiety so much as think of offering Him their assistance, stand submerged in the burial-ground of their optimism. They have prayed for the best in face of certainty of the worst; and they cannot reconcile the outcome with the assurance "Never have I seen the righteous man forsaken." All that God asked of them was a little loaf of works; but they responded with their great stone of faith—and it has been hanged round their necks.

I fancy I see in my vision, far out in the morass of economic optimism, a pious, prehensile figure well known to the world. He trusted in God and Ledger A; his trust was so hearty that God would look after everyone else that he neglected to do any patrol duty himself, and so he is fast sinking into history, the history of the Dark Ages of the Nineteenth Century, a maligned and misunderstood man.

Still further from help is one with a rotund and cherubic face. His optimism was not religious or economic, but political. He had the superb conviction of Quay that the Republican party, the party of Lincoln, could do no wrong. To save the party from defeat at the hands of a pessimistic generation of vipers that insisted much was wrong and were threatening the constitution, the palladium of our liberties, he put himself in the breach. He merely started from the maxim of an earlier optimist, "Whatever is, is right," and the united efforts of his senatorial colleagues who believe in the same divine fitness of Whatever Is, grew faint against the popular pessimistic conviction of Something Wrong. Had Alexander Pope been, instead of a philosophic rhymester, an American politician, his maxim would have dragged him to the same ignominy. As it is, he stands up the hill by the road-side in a place of more dignity than that enjoyed by his practical followers, warning the traveller that "Whatever is, is right" was once a specious falsehood; from the bog, Lorimer bears witness that now it is only an inane lie.

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This burial-ground becomes depressing; besides, I am too much in earnest to keep up a consistent figure.

Particular offenders are only the results. Who are the philosophers of this destructive optimism? Better look for the sources to men and ideas of more repute.

The two Machiavellis are the Editorial Writer on the prosperous daily, and the Pastor of the Contented Flock.

A few weeks ago, in my Sunday morning paper, the leading editorial castigated a county-school superintendent who at a recent educational meeting had protested against the character of the current reading affected by young people. He had ventured on the awful iconoclasm of asserting that it was for the most part "trashy and sentimental." The editorial writer breathed an horrific whisper: "Can you arraign the reading of our age any more than you can arraign the people themselves who do the reading?" . . . I have been led to believe that Moses arraigned the people of an age, and at the same time, his own brother, optimistic Aaron; that Jesus Christ arraigned an age, nay, all ages through all time, for cupidity, crassness, externalism and cant; that Paul of Tarsus, St. Francis of Assisi, John Wycliffe, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Carlyle, Marx, Lincoln, H. G. Wells and La Follette all lifted a warning finger against their age, and each in his way did or is doing something to change "Whatever Is." But the editorial writer wots not of them. Some of them have been branded "pessimists"; all of them are pessimists if the editorial writer is an optimist, and they are so *because* he and his tribe are optimists. They all said, "The world is going to the devil; head it off." But the editorial writer rebukes, "All unflattering criticism is pessimism, for it hurts business. Anyway," he pæans in a moral ecstasy, "the world is growing better."

Shorn of this rather unsportsmanlike allegation against the past, the editorial writer would run mighty low on ammunition. And yet even this comforting truism, in the light of certain facts, is rendered not altogether impregnable. If the world is growing better, it is doing so under an immense handicap. I think I may safely challenge the student of history to exhume from her most noisome cavern a thing so utterly damnable as one

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product of the Twentieth Century. I mean the White Slave traffic. Pandarism is as old as the world—and men's passion and greed. But it has been reserved for our time to reduce the trade to an exact science, systematic, calculating, subsidizing our law and officers of the law. At least I rejoice that a viler thing is beyond our conception.

Concerning this an optimistic press is delighted that since we know about it now, it is not so bad as it was before. When it names an unspeakable thing and publishes a part of its record, then the press chortles that the fangs are drawn. In similar vein, the editorial writer when called upon occasionally by the publisher, defends the policy of his paper in peddling the reeking details of crime. This defence has long been celebrated for its naïveté. We are told that crime cannot flourish in the light and publicity is the only safeguard of the public; whereas it is notorious that after every minute account in the papers of a diabolical occurrence, a dozen imitations and improvements follow. When vice grows bold and stalks abroad at mid-day, we easily recognize it and lock it up. But vice does not often make that mistake; it leaves over-confidence for the optimistic virtues. It goes from cover to cover, and keeps eternally on guard. That is why it is never defeated.

The world, beset by optimists, has a hard time growing better, and does not improve by sitting down, patting its stomach and bragging "after this sublime long-eared fashion." It is growing better because a long line of martyr pessimists have cried, "Repent ye." The world is like a man afflicted with Snaut-krampf. When you want him to move forward, you push him back; and when you want him to retreat, you get behind and urge him on. When you roar in the face of the world, "You are an insane old doddering idiot," he shakes himself out of his dream and begins to show signs of intelligence; when you coo soothingly, "You are growing better; make haste slowly," he assents with a fatuous nod and sinks back to comatoseness, and perfectly at ease in Zion, declines gently to the burial-ground of optimism.

The Prosperous Newspaper is a retail purveyor in wholesale quantities of the most reliable optimistic opiates.

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From the Pulpit comes the other soporific balm.

If we whisper "credo" to an intellectual fossil, say our prayers and give to the poor, we may safely leave the conduct of the political, social and economic order in the hands of God. This is not an unfair representation of what one hears in nine out of every ten churches on fifty Sundays of every year. Chaucer, that sapient man-of-the-world, gave classic expression to this form of lazy optimism:

> "Tempest thee noght al croked to redress
> In trust of her that turneth as a bal;
> Greet reste stant in litel besynesse;
> Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal."

Chaucer's faith was the current faith of his time, and as such is a matter of mild literary interest; but to hear it to-day advanced as the religion of Jesus the Scourge of Evil, seems tragic travesty. "Not peace, but a sword," said Jesus. But from the Pulpit comes the dulcet chiding:

"What thee is sent, receive in buxomnesse"——

"Resist not evil"——

"Anxiety argues lack of faith; trust and pay tithes"——

"God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

In the face of this teaching, warranted by the trade-mark of the Church, what wonder that many a devout flock continues to go meekly to the shearing? What wonder that those who might be as lions in the fight, lie down as lambs, waiting the decree of Providence and yielding up their wool to the Tariff?

The distrust evinced recently toward the Men and Religion Forward Movement may teach the Church wisdom. Whether there was or was not a single stone of foundation for the charge that Wall Street was behind the movement, there can be no doubt that its philosophy must be congenial to those interested in Whatever Is. If only the people are kept entertained with a speculative religion, and healthily dissatisfied with the evil in their own hearts, they will leave Business and the Social Fabric alone.

How is it relevant or frank, when a hungry man cries out for justice, to tell him to satisfy his soul on spiritual manna, to

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get right with God, that much here is wrong, but that it will be made right in eternity?

The leaven of this question is working in many minds.

"Count your blessings," is one shibboleth. This may be a profitable recreation for the fortunate, but as a life-work, even for those who would need a life-time to count their many blessings, it is not all that could be desired. In the prayer that Jesus recommended to those who believed in his conception of life, I find no mention of it. The prayer is for the Kingdom of God, for material necessities, for forgiveness, and for strength in temptation. Jesus did not blink the painful facts of existence. He was a seer; he saw. He preached, "Know the truth and the truth will make you free." Yet much pulpit eloquence and energy is spent in side-stepping truth as it pertains to the Church itself and to the life of its founder, for the fear that truth may vitiate doctrine. Utterly hopeless and utterly dark must be that working faith, the suspicion that the truth, if we could get at it, might be bad. Naked truth must always be provided with a fig-leaf.

I recall one sermon considered edifying by those who heard it. The text, "The Lord hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," rang through it all at convenient intervals and was the key, tune, time, everything to the whole pæan. "The Comfort of Sinners" was the description of the theme that appeared in the morning paper, and if any of that alien race happened in the sanctum to hear it, they surely were repaid for coming. Nine-tenths of the congregation, all that were willing to accept thoughtless happiness, went away with shining faces.

First, the preacher took a fall out of "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." This, he vouchsafed, means, "Be sure other people will find out your sin," and it is not at all true, for "the throne of God is mercy, not marble." Some unexegetical persons had the mistaken notion that this ancient warning might refer to an inner, subtle attack on the sinner's heart. Then he turned on the novels that teach "the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children." Some again had taken this adage for a scientific truism, but their eyes were opened that

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morning: it was only the sensational and pessimistic drool of an age that knows not God, for—"He hath not dealt with us . . . " and so on.

As I listened my mind curiously reverted to a sermon I heard when I was a boy of nine. It is my first definite sermonic recollection. The text was, "Be sure thy sin will find thee out,"—and I can remember vividly the illustrations used. I am afraid that preacher was a sad pessimist; he held out small comfort to the sinner. Of course he told him there was a possibility of repenting and gaining forgiveness, but he assured him that the consequences of his sin would surely follow him. After that I didn't dare to sin so much as my natural inclination led me; I was afraid to, I confess. Sinning looked like rank foolishness, since righteousness had the dice loaded. Still cause and effect do not mind the charge of pessimism, and our sins do continue to find us out.

Optimism especially pursues the choirmasters. We may admit that the Michael Wigglesworthian conception of the Day of Doom is antiquated and horrible, while at the same time, granted we have a grain of literary appreciation, we can admire or at least respect that matchless mediæval hymn:

> "Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning,
> See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
> Heaven and Earth in ashes burning.
>
> "Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
> Thro' Earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
> All before the throne it bringeth."

Now I know a popular choirmaster whose favorite caper in leading college chapel service is to sing this tremendous poem in a nasal voice, get off a chestnut about "Hark, from the tombs, a doleful s-a-ound"; and then race into the right kind of hymnology,—"Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers."

Over-confidence has lost more battles than confidence ever won. Faith, it is true, works miracles; but presumption takes many a tumble. The walls of Heaven may not fall so easily to shouts and exultation and rag-time; there will likely be some

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fighting, some bruises and some casualties before they are scaled.

And back of the Pulpit and the Press are the people.

"Oh, you old pessimist," said a charming lady of my acquaintance, a college graduate and a leader in local literary circles, when I expressed the mild assumption that everyone at some time or other acted from motives lower than the highest. I thought I was in the company of an irreproachable majority of petty sinners, and was merely admitting that there is "none that doeth right, no, not one." But "oh, you old pessimist, you're too iconoclastic for any use" proved the eclipse of my conversational influence for that evening.

Once popular philosophy enjoined, "Nothing except good about the dead." Now our domestic and social relations are founded upon an extension of that clemency to the living. If you know anything good about him, tell it; if you know anything bad about him, keep it to yourself. Let others get bitten too. This is popular logic.

"Don't knock; boost"—"Don't join the anvil chorus"—"Leave your hammers at home"—these popular texts have force with us simply because we have more sympathy for an individual than for a whole community; we suffer conscientious scruples for injuring one man's business even in the course of justice, but, with a shrug, get rid of our share of responsibility for the world's sickness and silly, avoidable ills.

"If you believe in revivals, three-dollar banquets to launch this or that philanthropic enterprise, best-sellers, fraternal organizations, this or that new movement of any sort, why boost. If you don't believe in them, keep your hands off and your thoughts to yourself."

Yes, but how if I believe *against* them?

"Don't notice the discords," advises many a sweet-faced sage. There is a selfish force in this, to be sure. I perceive its power to make for placidness, but I question its sanity. To close the eye, to stop the ear, to clamp the nose,—this does not improve the noisome stench, the jar, the unsightliness any more than not to think about Niagara destroys Niagara. It does

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indeed aid our forgetting. Then when we have forgotten and our senses have atrophied, we discover with a genial complacency that the world has been growing better.

"God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives" once flashed across the country like a spark from heaven. This, I suppose, was true at the time. However, it started or perhaps only represented a careless optimism as to the Government at Washington that ended in the nation's never giving it a thought, leaving "the Government at Washington" to Congress and lobbyists; whereat "the Government at Washington" grew moribund, and to-day, were it not for the pessimists, would be, if not dead, at least enjoying a peaceful sleep.

Consider finally two men who helped to form Nineteenth Century thinking and feeling.

Tennyson, because he did not indict the social order, urged putting up with it and wrote a religious poem of resignation, is called "optimist." Yet in what did Tennyson place his trust? *In Memoriam* and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* make it plain that he depended upon evolution to right the wrongs, to kill the ape and tiger in modern society and commerce. Millennium will top millennium and then in some future æon, too far distant to compute by present mathematics, *evolution by indeterminate variations* will have brought about an appreciable difference in our treatment of the wage-earner. Sympathy will some day become profitable; natural selection will do the work of righteousness. So comfort yourselves, for God is working out a glorious plan to give bote to the needy. Tennyson is the poet of the Satisfied, of those who own and draw dividends from "the argosies of purple sails."

But this, it seems to me, is the only real pessimism. He had lost faith in the "Good Will in Man." Man could never advance by trying, by taking thought; he could never purge his system with remedies; he must wear out the disease in the old-fashioned way. "When the Fever called Living was over at last," then the troubles of an individual were at an end. (How thankful his disciples must have been that transmigration formed no part of his thought!) Each man has to live but once,

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and for only seventy years. Then after he has been a long time dead and other generations have had their turn at the same wheel,—beset by the same—or just a little different—"taints of blood" and "defects of will"; and handicapped by the same—or just a little different for each generation—absurd mechanics of social structure; he will be able to perceive from his vantage-point in eternity that the "divine far-off event towards which the whole creation moves" is a fraction of a degree nearer. Leave NOW to Standard Oil, the Sugar Trust, the Plumber, the Butcher, the Baker, the Candle-stick Maker; Man has FOREVER.

Something like this was the unutterable wisdom of Tennyson's optimism.

Carlyle we call pessimist because he said of the Americans "forty million people, mostly fools"; because he was never suited, but was continually preaching the gospel of What Is Not, Coöperation for Competition, Service for Being Served. He believed Man has the power to change What Is into What Shall Be. Man was not a blind creature in the hands of fate, a ball tossed to and fro, but a determining force in the universe. So he stormed and raved and blustered; so he shook his fist under the lord's nose, under the commoner's nose, under the nose of the sans culottes. He shouted that they were all heirs to the high estate of manhood, and ought to be shamed to the heart at aiming so low or not aiming at all. He sulked, chafed, roared, lashed and slashed with tongue and pen,—lost faith in particular men, forfeited their faith in him and the love of disciples,—all because he believed in Man. "Brother, thou hast in thee possibility for much"; for much more than you are now doing. Why in God's name don't you out with it?

That Tennyson the "optimist" has given more pleasure to the world than Carlyle the "pessimist" may indeed be true; it is hardly worth while contesting. But no sane student of our time doubts that Carlyle's has been the greater service. Public Conscience developed from *Past and Present,* not from *In Memoriam.* Friction rubs up heat and heat is an abomination to the dilettante; it works havoc to a kid-gloved, silk-hatted world. Enthusiasm in a dress-coat is unthinkable. But the heat makes

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light and the light that shines from moral enthusiasms enlightens the world. It is the pessimists who kindle the light by friction.

Possibly the terms have been sadly jumbled, but I hope the idea is clear.

If etymology were arbiter, optimism could meet no opposition. The spirit of hopefulness works perpetual miracles, and if works be added to faith, no miracle is beyond reason. But optimism is for the future; it is helpless before the present. What Is, Is, whether we believe it or not. If politics are rotten, they get a bit rottener while we are exercising faith that they are sweet. If the current principles of trade are ungodly, the millennium lags further in the future during our fatuous dream of slow, graceful evolution by unhindered and unhelped Providence. In short the water remains undrawn, the wood unhewn, the dirty platter unwashed; for there is no eye to see. Here is work for Pessimism, the seer of What Is. Hail it as the Prophet of the Present.

Then call on Optimism, the Prophet of the Future. What Is may be bad; it shall not remain so; it shall be otherwise. Here are Graft, Pretence, War, Lies, Hate, Death. Here they are; show them to us, pessimists. But here they need not remain; guide us past them, optimists, to Honesty, Reality, Peace, Truth, Love, Life.

The ape and tiger remain ape and tiger because they imagine themselves lords of creation. If we insist that we already are what we have the possibility of becoming, we shall be countless æons growing up to it, if indeed we ever get nearer. If we proclaim that we will be what we are not now, we may hope to bury the atavistic ape and tiger "deeper than ever plummet sounded," reach up and bring a heaven quickly down.

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SCHOOL

PERCY MACKAYE

OLD Hezekiah leaned hard on his hoe
And squinted long at Eben, his lank son.
The silence shrilled with crickets. Day was done,
And, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-bright afterglow.
Eben stood staring: ever, one by one,
The tendril tops turned ashen as they flared.
Still Eben stared.

O, there is wonder on New Hampshire hills,
Hoeing the warm, bright furrows of brown earth,
And there is grandeur in the stone wall's birth,
And in the sweat that spills
From rugged toil its sweetness; yet for wild young wills
There is no dew of wonder, but stark dearth,
In one old man who hoes his long bean rows,
And only hoes.

Old Hezekiah turned slow on his heel.
He touched his son. Thro' all the carking day
There are so many littlish cares to weigh
Large natures down, and steel
The heart of understanding. "Son, how is't ye feel?
What are ye starin' on—a gal?" A ray
Flushed Eben from the fading afterglow:
He dropped his hoe.

He dropped his hoe, but sudden stooped again
And raised it where it fell. Nothing he spoke,
But bent his knee and—crack! the handle broke,
Splintering. With glare of pain,
He flung the pieces down, and stamped upon them; then—
Like one who leaps out naked from his cloak—
Ran. "Here, come back! Where are ye bound—you fool?"
He cried—"To school!"

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II

Now on the mountain morning laughed with light—
With light and all the future in her face,
For there she looked on many a far-off place
And wild adventurous sight,
For which the mad young autumn wind hallooed with might
And dared the roaring mill-brook to the race,
Where blue-jays screamed beyond the pine-dark pool—
"To school!—To school!"

Blackcoated, Eben took the barefoot trail,
Holding with wary hand his Sunday boots;
Harsh catbirds mocked his whistling with their hoots;
Under his swallowtail
Against his hip-strap bumping, clinked his dinner pail;
Frost maples flamed, lone thrushes touched their lutes;
Gray squirrels bobbed, with tails stiff curved to backs,
To eye his tracks.

Soon at the lonely crossroads he passed by
The little one-room schoolhouse. He peered in.
There stood the bench where he had often been
Admonished flagrantly
To drone his numbers: now to this he said good-bye
For mightier lure of more romantic scene:
Good-bye to childish rule and homely chore
Forevermore!

All day he hastened like the flying cloud
Breathless above him, big with dreams, yet dumb.
With tightened jaw he chewed the tart spruce gum,
And muttered half aloud
Huge oracles. At last, where thro' the pine-tops bowed
The sun, it rose!—His heart beat like a drum.
There, there it rose—his tower of prophecy:
The Academy!

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III

They learn to live who learn to contemplate,
For contemplation is the unconfined
God who creates us. To the growing mind
Freedom to think is fate,
And all that age and after-knowledge augurate
Lies in a little dream of youth enshrined:
That dream to nourish with the skilful rule
Of love—is school.

Eben, in mystic tumult of his teens,
Stood bursting—like a ripe seed—into soul.
All his life long he had watched the great hills roll
Their shadows, tints and sheens
By sun- and moonrise; yet the bane of hoeing beans,
And round of joyless chores, his father's toll,
Blotted their beauty; nature was as naught:
He had never *thought.*

But now he climbed his boyhood's castle tower
And knocked. Ah, well then for his after-fate
That one of nature's masters opened the gate,
Where like an April shower
Live influence quickened all his earth-blind seed to power.
Strangely his sense of truth grew passionate,
And like a young bull, led in yoke to drink,
He bowed to think.

There also bowed their heads with him to quaff—
The snorting herd! And many a wholesome grip
He had of rivalry and fellowship.
Often the game was rough,
But Eben tossed his horns and never balked the cuff;
For still through play and task his Dream would slip—
A radiant Herdsman, guiding destiny
To his degree.

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IV

Once more old Hezekiah stayed his hoe
To squint at Eben. Silent, Eben scanned
A little roll of sheepskin in his hand,
While, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-pale afterglow.
The boy looked up: here was another land!
Mountain and farm with mystic beauty flared
Where Eben stared.

Stooping, he lifted with a furtive smile
Two splintered sticks, and spliced them. Nevermore
His spirit would go beastwise to his chore
Blinded, for even while
He stooped to the old task, sudden in the sunset's pile
His radiant Herdsman swung a fiery door,
Thro' which came forth with far-borne trumpetings
Poets and kings,

His fellow conquerors: there Virgil dreamed,
There Cæsar fought and won the barbarous tribes,
There Darwin, pensive, bore the ignorant gibes,
And One with thorns redeemed
From malice the wild hearts of men: there surged and streamed
With chemic fire the forges of old scribes
Testing anew the crucibles of toil
To save God's soil.

So Eben turned again to hoe his beans,
But now, to ballads which his Herdsman sung,
Henceforth he hoed the dream in with the dung,
And for his ancient spleens
Planting new joys, imagination found him means.
At last old Hezekiah loosed his tongue:
"Well, boy, this school—what has it learned ye to know?"
He said: "To hoe."

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SOCIAL NEMESIS AND SOCIAL SALVATION

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

IN the oft-quoted passage from Lecky's *History of Morals*—so inconsistent and misleading in its analysis of "The Position of Woman"—the prostitute is spoken of as "the eternal priestess of humanity blasted for the sins of the people." Priestess or slave, she is proved an avenging fury who blasts the people for their sins. Denied human rights, she shows an almost superhuman power to destroy. She is the social Nemesis that overtakes the unwary and the innocent as well as the determined sinner; and, so far as the physical consequences of vice are concerned, her power for social harm is becoming clear even to the most superficial onlooker.

With the publication of Dr. Prince Morrow's *Social Diseases and Marriage,* reinforced by such reports as that of the "Committee of Fifteen," the knowledge that venereal disease constitutes the unique menace to race integrity has become common property. We all know that it accounts for a large percentage of masculine invalidism and infirmity; that it is responsible for many of the most serious forms of paralysis and insanity; that it is a disease of youth that kills youth in such fashion that, as Dr. Morrow says, "none has such a murderous effect upon offspring"; that it is so inimical to marriage that a majority of so-called "women's diseases" are due to infection of innocent wives by their husbands; and so responsible for sterility in marriage that its pathological share in that condition must be reckoned with before any accurate discussion of women's guilt in "race suicide" can be entered upon. The total misery due to this scourge is not yet known, but it has already mounted high in the record of social ills.

We may pride ourselves that in the United States we do not kill off, as in France they are said to do, twenty thousand children annually from this cause; but one-third at least of the blind among our own defectives can accuse their parents' sins for this affliction; and a death rate of babies infected with this poison, reaching from sixty to eighty-five per cent., is a national menace.

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Careful study indicates that this disease is contracted, in from thirty to forty per cent. of cases, before the age of twenty-one; and that therefore the boys concerned must make us conscience-smitten for our social neglect of them and of their needs, as well as of the girls whose enforced or voluntary slavery to vice is now causing such disquietude. And there are so many more boys than girls concerned in this racial morbidity!

We are now entering upon a world-wide crusade against preventable disease. In every attack upon some ancient scourge we are set the task of finding out its real cause. What is the cause of venereal disease? It is not the marriage of the immature, although racial weakness and many serious diseases spring from that misuse of youth. It is not excesses in the marital relation, although many ailments can be traced to that source. It is not found as a consequence of polygamy, when husbands are true to their plural wives, although polygamy is a low type of family organization, giving small basis for the highest civilization. Nor is it the inevitable accompaniment of all illegitimate and socially harmful sex-relationship. The " kept mistress " may be despised, but she is not necessarily a centre of infection. The girl seduced by what she mistakes for love is not inevitably diseased. She who pieces out her honest wage with occasional lapses, with one companion alone, may escape becoming a menace to public health, whatever her effect upon public morals. It is the " public woman " whose " heterogeneous promiscuity " makes her everywhere and always the active source of this contagion. From her, and to her, her patrons inevitably carry this dread disease. And be it remembered there is always an army of men who thus serve as carriers and do her work of vengeance upon society, for every one prostitute allowed or encouraged by society to ply her trade. In the recent *Report on Commercialized Vice in New York,* fifteen thousand women to one hundred and fifty thousand men is indicated as the ratio conservatively estimated. Such a ratio is indispensable to the business; for without it the harlot could not support herself, and the masters and madams, the cadets and traders, the policemen and magistrates, the house-owners and landlords and agents, the allies of the drinking saloon, the gambling place and the criminals' den, who prey upon and despoil

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her. The almost incredible number of men who visit the " stars " of the underworld, women sought as " money-makers " by the managers of the business, totalled on the record of " account books " captured by investigators of disorderly houses, shows the genesis and method of this contagion. It is as clearly the outcome of the institution of the brothel as is the befoulment of streams the source of typhoid fever. In the one case, as in the other, the innocent suffer with the guilty.

Dr. Mileur, who as a well-known defender of State license systems has had much weight with many, has declared that " prostitution is essential and indispensable, but it must be admitted that the prostitute is cut off not only from society but from heaven, from hope and from repentance." The doctor is clearly mistaken in one of these statements. The woman he thinks it well to sacrifice may be cut off from repentance, hope and heaven, but she is not isolated from society. An open road, much travelled, stretches from her place of traffic to the most honored homes of the most sheltered wives and children. Cut off from society, indeed, so far as a recognition of her claims to justice and protection are concerned, she enters society without being invited to " functions," or having her name inscribed on calling lists or club registers, in " blue books " or " Who's Who." She penetrates unasked to society's innermost recesses of family life. She is present in the blind or feeble-minded baby; the ailing child; the diseased wife, who loses at the hospital her chance for motherhood; in the premature death of the man of the house; in the divorce court, where the worst facts are hidden under claims of non-support and incompatibility; in the hidden fear and hatred, or the outspoken friction, that curse the lives of children of those who have lost faith in each other. The Scarlet Woman enters society, indeed, although her own entertainments are in secret places. No matter from what point of experience they enter this life, all prostitutes at last return upon society the wrongs done to them. They may have been debauched in helpless childhood in some poverty-bound household. They may have been bought and sold at tender maidenhood in the traffic that is at last revealed to the world. They may be of those unmarried mothers, more sinned against than sinning, for whom the world has scant

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help in time of need, and who seem pushed into evil ways. They may have been born with perverted natures, perhaps the residuary legatees of the sins of fathers, whom even good environment cannot save from moral shipwreck. They may have been honest-hearted, clean-minded immigrant girls lured to destruction by lying advertisements and decoy employment agencies. They may have been just foolish, pleasure-loving creatures, caught by the temptation of a large income from vice, contrasted with a small wage for honest toil. Most of all, they may have sunk into the abyss from that weakness of mind and will which make the abnormal girl the sure prey of greed and lust. No matter where they come from or how long they are in arriving, they all acquire, and are sure to use, a deadly power to hurt and to destroy the very life of the people.

The guilt of society toward them is in the ratio of their youth when entering the life; and at least sixty per cent. become fixed in habit before the age of twenty years. This youth is nearly paralleled by the ages of those men whose diseases show that they have visited "her whose steps take hold on hell." There are gray-haired men, it is true, and fathers of families and heads of enterprises of dignity and usefulness, who support the system behind the prostitute, who remain her patrons and are responsible for many of the worst elements of the social evil. The majority of men who suffer from this social Nemesis, however, are young, many of them mere boys.

There are three classes of young men whom society has deliberately handed over to the worst forces of evil which it contains. The first is the common sailor. There is much eloquent talk of the social value of those "that go down to the sea in ships." This has never prevented the sailor from being left in all places and times to be despoiled by "landsharks." For the sailor's accommodation the lowest type of boarding house is left without control of better influences. For his allurement the lowest type of drinking saloon, the one nearest dens of thieves and within easiest reach of murderers, is set aside by tacit consent of all the powers that be. For him the wretched women, most forlorn and most diseased, who have fallen from higher planes of vice, lie in wait first to debase and then to rob. We

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are indignant if the common sailor does not show himself a hero when a great disaster makes it his duty to "save the passengers first." It is a miracle of human nature that he can have left within him so often the material of which heroes are made, when he is given over so wholly to the tender mercies of the wicked when on shore. Beset from the boat-landing to the first decent street he may seek to find, with men and women all bent on his exploitation, it is to the credit of his nature that he so often escapes to find his way to the upper world.

The other classes left, and by a more conscious misuse of society, to be exploited by unrestrained evil forces are the enlisted men of the army and navy. We hear much praise of the "moral discipline" of the naval and military schools in which officers are trained, and many mothers and fathers seek this training for their sons. Some of us have doubts as to the benefits of a discipline that so accents the natural tendency of boys to bully the weaker and give the stronger unchecked group control. Granted, however, that the schooling of the officers of the army and navy is ideal, what of the school of experience and practical discipline to which the enlisted men are consigned?

The mental and moral effect of a control from above which gives the rule,

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs but to do and die,"

is open for discussion, in a world that demands of even its common life the power of choice at the ballot box; but this is not our present concern. What all serious-minded persons must consider when they know the conditions of military and naval drill is the effect upon the man who is sometime to become a citizen in civil affairs, and may enter the race-life as husband and father.

Think what we do to the enlisted man. We take him young, a mere boy, attracting him by promise of sure wage, a sight of the great world, a life of charming adventure, a vocation honored by all as a part of the national defence. We shut him off from the society of good women at the age most susceptible to such companionship. We give him a round of routine duties which soon pall upon his interest, which have in them no vital

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connection with real life in the world of useful achievement, and which leave the imagination free to indulge all sorts of dreams, good, bad and indifferent. We herd him with older men to many of whom nothing in life is sacred. If a naval man, we hand him over on shipboard to an autocratic rule of masters which has, in democratic life, no counterpart. If in the army, we give him initiation into a rough association unparalleled in civil life save by the lumber camps and "barracks" of the coarsest labor. Then, when the "middie" has "shore leave" or the army man a furlough or a "day off," we line the streets through which he must pass to the ordinary world of homes and decent recreation with all the denizens of the underworld to prey upon and debase him.

Statistics which prove that disease is far more deadly than wounds in the case of actual war are paralleled by those that demonstrate that venereal disease constantly fills the hospitals of the army and navy when on a "peace footing." Death on the battlefield, with some high purpose behind its slaughter, may make even legalized murder seem for the moment a noble thing, and give dignity to one's service to country. But death, disease, disablement, weakness, blurred thinking, besmirched imagination, destroyed capacity for fit parenthood;—these, as the price paid for the semi-idleness of army and navy men, when the work for which they have been trained is not being done;—this is monstrous waste!

There are leaders of the Peace Movement to-day who, while working for treaties and arbitrative courts which may prevent actual war, are indifferent to, or defend as right for the time being, at least, the expenditure of the people's substance in money and in life for the maintenance of vast standing armies, and of navies that can only get "practice" by reckless expenditure in useless destruction of values. A sullen revolt against such peace propaganda is rising to outspoken and contemptuous protest. This protest is from the wage-earners of the world, who know full well who pay the seven-tenths or more percentage of the national budgets that go for army and navy expenditures in time of peace, and who pay the cost in dead and wounded when war is really declared. There is likely to be one

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" general strike," at least—whatever may happen to the I. W. W. It will be a strike not only against war, but against militarism. It will be a strike of the common people who have already learned the unequal burden they bear when kings and diplomats disagree, and when the advocates of vast expenditure for military and naval equipment get the control of parliaments and congresses.

Meanwhile another revolt against both war and militarism is rising from the heart of womanhood. It rises as fast and as far, as strong and as bitter, as the knowledge of the inevitable interlocking of militarism and social vice comes to the consciousness of free and noble women. The conditions around navy yards and docks where war vessels lie at rest while their enlisted men go ashore; the sort of women whose nomad existence follows the course of naval movements and military encampments; the recommendations for the supposed benefit of common soldiers and sailors still given by surgeons and physicians of war departments; the surroundings of every garrison station of the army and their effect on civil life;—these things women are beginning to learn about. There is little doubt where the women of this or any other nation will stand on the question of militarism when once most know, what some now do, the facts concerning the moral issues involved. The strong current toward such militarism in the United States threatening us to-day will meet its breakwater when women are once enlightened, and endowed with power to write their moral judgments in law and custom.

Meanwhile a still larger army of youth is being sacrificed to an alarming extent in the industrial world. The strength and promise of the manhood of the nation set out to seek fortune and achievement in the great world, with little but ambition and hope to guide them. How does society safeguard them in the years when her highest interests demand their purity, their vigor, their noble purpose, their highest efficiency?

The answer to this question could be fitly made only by a companion group to *The White Slave* of Miss Eberl. Such a group would show in place of the shrinking girl a lad, strong and beautiful, but with a wistful, homesick look in his eye. A

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young lad of virile power, with fiery passions tugging at his will, but with clear eye and earnest look that reveal the moral force that has so far made him master of himself. A young lad with yearning for the companionship of good women so difficult for the stranger to gain. A lad with a shy idealism, of which he is half-ashamed, which makes his hidden thought of marriage a sacrament did he but know it, and which proves him made for highest social use. Beside him should stand a woman of the street, flaunting in his face her practised arts of temptation, a woman in whose debased nature, cupidity and deceit have fed fat upon the hatred and cruelty of the world. A woman to whom the lad's ignorance of the arts of prudence that older and worse men may use marks him her easy prey. A woman whose very existence is an outrage upon the home he has left, a menace to the home he wants some time to possess. If he yields to the temptress, there is small chance that he escape from her, and from her like, without sacrifice of his finest strength of brain and body. In any case his ideal of womanhood is smirched, and he will never be able to "play fair" in the game of marriage. At worst he will never be able to give his children what they have a right to demand of him. He may still aspire, and he may rise to leadership in the higher forces of social life, but his secret memories will forever mock his aspirations and may lessen forever his power of resistance to evil.

It is such boys as this lad who, by the thousand, stumbling on the path through chance alliance with such women as this, are made instruments for the pollution of the blood of the nation. Shall they be blamed alone, or chiefly, in a world which has never taught them the danger of such alliance; nay, worse, which has for ages assured their kind that such alliance is usual and necessary? Is society guiltless which has made marriage so difficult for struggling youth and vice so easy in its approach?

The new crusade against preventable disease, which promises to rid the world of so many ancient scourges, is moving toward efficient attack upon the scourge which follows vice. Let publicists, social workers, physicians and political reformers understand, however, that this scourge is bound up, as is no other, with an *institution, a hoary institution, which must be destroyed,* if it

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is to surrender its loathsome power to science and philanthropy. Venereal disease can never be lessened to any great extent until the brothel is abolished; it can never be brought under social control until every decent boy is defended against the public harlot.

For abolishing of brothels we have already, in most enlightened communities, sufficient law; even the sixteen hundred and more recently studied in Manhattan could be closed at once by vigorous enforcement of existing statutes. In any community, however, in which long usage in giving an outlawed business right of way has lessened the power of law to gain respect, the "Model Injunction Act of Iowa," so called, may be brought into the field. The purpose of this law is to hold responsible every person engaged in operating or maintaining a house of prostitution or of assignation, including the owner and lessee of buildings used for such purposes. It vests the power in any citizen, whether or not he or she is personally damaged by such establishment, to instigate legal proceedings against all concerned; to secure the abatement of the nuisance; and perpetual injunction against its re-establishment.

Let us suppose a serious and persistent effort has closed the well-known but formerly permitted houses of vice in a community; what of their managers and inmates? If once this business were abolished, there would be little difficulty in securing suitable punitive treatment for the traders in women and girls, the cadets and purveyors, the keepers and madams, and even the respectable men and women who rent houses for vile purposes. The inevitable publicity given to the latter hypocrisy would in most cases be enough to end it. At least we should hear no more of sentences of "three months in prison" or "fifty dollars fine" for the ruin of a young girl; and few "leaders in society" would line up with the hosts of evil if their complicity meant danger of companionship in prison. And what of the inmates, the women who make their living by the trade? At this point the childish "raids" and sporadic "investigations" and earthquake upheavals in the area of police graft have so far shown themselves utterly inhumane and futile. We have fined the women and thus given their procurers power to change their place of

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residence; we have sentenced them to short terms in jail or workhouse for the brief recess that sends them back more vigorous and more determined in their work of social destruction; we have driven them from segregated districts into the tenements of the poor; we have even taken them in groups to the confines of one town to send them to the next with stern admonition never to come back. We have done almost everything with and to these women, when for the moment we felt too righteous to let them alone, except the one thing which they need, and which society demands. *That thing is their retirement from their trade and from the world itself for as long as their condition of body and mind and moral nature require.*

No woman making her living at an outlawed business should be permitted to determine her future life when that business is once destroyed in any given place. For the more hopeful and educable no liberality of social expenditure is too great to win for them the power of self-control, self-direction and self-support in fellowship with the upright of their kind. For the most invalid in body and mind, in moral nature and in industrial power, no sentence to segregated and socially controlled existence, under humane influences, with conditions making possible the conservation of their feeble work power and feebler desires for good, can be too long; not even the sentence that separates them for their entire lifetime from the world which has misused them and in which they are proved unfit to live. Nothing short of such drastic measures can remove from society the most virulent poison at the heart of the social evil. And if there is anyone who does not yet understand the difference between depriving all prostitutes of liberty, if need be for social protection for their entire lives, in the interest of social purity and public health, and that State Regulation that deprives a few prostitutes of liberty for a little while in order to send them back to their trade with a physician's certificate of immunity to their patrons as their most attractive business card, such a person needs no Binet tests to demonstrate imbecility!

To the abolition of the commercialized institution of lust, together with all its contributing criminal classes; and to the due punishment and deprivation of power by removal from society

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of the groups of prostitutes who would be rendered homeless by this action, we must add the permanent custodial care of every defective child and adult if we would indeed begin to make headway against the black plague. In the 647 cases of wayward girls recently studied by Dr. Davis at the Bedford Reformatory, 20 were found insane and removed to special hospitals; 107 were obviously feeble-minded and in need of permanent custodial care; and 193 proved mentally deficient by scientific tests, and hence in need of special protection from all the moral dangers of life. A proportion of nearly or quite one-half of the defective among the outcast women, set beside the fact that only about one-tenth of the known feeble-minded are in protective care, totals an indictment of society which should stir to action the most indifferent and selfish.

And what of the men and boys found dangerous to society in relation to the social evil? We can get at and segregate certain classes of them; those in prison and reformatory; those in army and navy; those in almshouses and public hospitals; those in forms of labor which demand physical examination as a preliminary to employment. Moreover, the trend toward physical culture, so beneficent and so rapidly working down to the elementary school and up through the college, is making customary what may finally prove to be the most efficient preventive of all diseases, namely expert physical examination at every age-crisis in life. It will not be surprising if we end our health crusade with compulsory physical examination of every man, woman and child, each and every year.

Meanwhile the State is moving toward the "sterilization of the unfit"; not very wisely nor very strongly it is true, but just enough to give the public conscience an inkling of what may some time be required for social protection. The clergy are starting toward a new conscientiousness as respects the physical aspects of marriage; and some are announcing that they require a medical permit before they hallow the bands. This latter movement is rather blatant and spectacular, at present, leading to pictures of "eugenic brides and grooms" in the yellow press and tainting the whole matter of physical examination as preparation for marriage with that suspicion of evil which most surely

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tends toward making health precautions odious to the delicate-minded. Nevertheless, even a social megaphone may announce the coming of a true Gospel!

There is also a great stirring in the educational field. We have come to feel that youth must be safeguarded from the social evil and its heavy price in health and strength. Some of us are rushing to legislatures to get laws passed that require "an hour a week of instruction in sex-hygiene" no matter how it is to be given, or what its effect may be upon the inflammable imagination or upon the almost fierce reserve of youth. There is no subject in which so many pedagogical difficulties arise for solution; but it is certain that we must attempt their solution; and in some manner, in the home or the school or both, in different ways, give youth the weapons of knowledge against every evil that would ensnare and ruin.

One thing, however, the instructed conscience of fatherhood and motherhood will protest against; namely, the placing upon *little children* of the burden of their own protection against vice and crime. "The first art of education," says one of old, "is not to teach truth or virtue, but to guard the mind from error and the heart from evil." How shall a great city excuse its disobedience to this admonition when, as during last year, in Manhattan, over twenty little girls from one elementary school alone are debauched and diseased by the depravity of one man, who gains access to their unprotected innocence through the congestion of the tenements, the poverty and ignorance of their mothers, and the demoralizing influences of the streets! The hideous facts that many teachers of schools know and mourn over cry to heaven for the condemnation of all of us. Whatever the measure of our individual guilt, it must be borne in upon the public conscience and intelligence that the social evil in all its many-sided aspects calls for more than sanitary rules. The moral effort that is needed to safeguard every little child is the first and most urgent demand. Nor must it be forgotten that we cannot make men and women chaste by legislative enactments. Nor can charity "deal out virtue, with the soup, at six, to whoso does not seek it." Nor can reform prevent young boys and girls from entering bye and forbidden paths by treating with

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savage punishment all who have made a misstep. Nor can men be scared away from the Scarlet Woman by mere fear of disease; for the natural gambler in man makes each one expect to escape punishment for stealthy pleasures. "It takes a soul to move a body even to a cleaner stye," and mankind will never leave its ancient abiding-place of the lower nature until a new sense of the need of salvation, personal and social, generates a new ethical passion.

A figure, new to our reverence, rises before us to-day to stir a new idealism and awaken that ethical passion. It is the figure of the Child whose "century," as Ellen Key has said, is opening before us. Not the Virgin Mother and her Babe who leaves out of worship the sacred function of fatherhood. Not the Christ-child of the mystic crown, companion of monks who fear all women as evil and despise marriage as an unholy state. Not these, but the real, human Child, who bears in each tiny hand the threads of life from all the past, and beckons the present to the promise of the future. The real and human Child, for whom fathers toil and sweat and mothers suffer and serve; who makes of marriage a moral discipline and of life a school of unselfish effort. This Child, now for the first time revealed in all its potency to bless and curse, in all its awful testing of ultimate values, this Child stands at the opening of its own century, the evangel of a new religion of humanity. The religion the Child announces demands of man that he add to the gifts of fatherhood he has already made,—his patient toil, his vast achievement, his tender love, his constant service,—one other gift: that mastery of himself by which to dower even the unborn with nobler heritage. The religion the Child announces demands of woman that she consecrate her new freedom to a new ministry to life, so deep, so broad, so majestic, so compelling, that the yearning of man and woman for each other, and of both for home, shall be a ladder on which all the race shall climb.

When this religion shall build its temples in home, and school, in court and market-place, in studio and the centres of recreation,—then, indeed, social salvation will be assured.

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THE THIRD AMERICAN SEX

GEORGE CRAM COOK

IN America there are three sexes—men, women, and professors. It is the saying of European scholars looking from those self-governing democracies, their universities, upon ours. They see ours ruled without the consent of the governed through presidential autocrats by boards of non-scholar trustees —not a part of the world of learning, but superimposed upon it. The American professor has the status of an employee subject to dismissal without trial by men not his colleagues.

The universities of Germany, the older universities of England and Scotland respect and trust and leave free the individual. Their organization gives them the right to regard themselves as provinces of the republic of letters. The overlorded universities of America have no such right.

For a couple of centuries American professors have submitted to a system which gives most of them little control over their own lives, small power to defend any truth which has powerful enemies, no part in shaping the policies of the institutions in which they teach. Hence the pitiable figure of the American scholar to whom Emerson, Emersonically oblivious of such little matters as despotic college government, held up a high ideal of independent manhood.

The position of her scholars under the thumb of business men and capitalists who control the university purse is enough to account for the fact that America is intellectually second rate. Unless content to remain so Americans have got to think down to bedrock about university government and do what thought demands.

Feeling that something is wrong, we have begun to examine the life of our universities, but no general attention has centred as yet upon their inherited, undemocratic system of control which is bearing the fruit of timidity and subservience among those twenty-three thousand men and five thousand women whose social function it is to create and transmit American thought

" The teaching of professors must be confined to classes au-

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thorized by the university," said President Butler of Columbia to Professor George E. Woodberry. "You will have to limit your relations with students to such as are possible in the class-room." This mandate came at a time when the mind of Woodberry was influencing the lives of his students in a way that reminded men of Jowett.

Such an objection by a university president to the stimulating influence of a professor outside the class-room, and so beyond the president's own control, is not, as might superficially appear, the mere tyrannical caprice of one exceptional individual. It is in line with the general subordination of scholar to administrator which lies like a black frost over the life of our institutions of learning.

In Europe such intimate influence of teacher upon student is simply a matter of course. A man like Professor Dr. Ihne of Heidelberg is constantly having the Herrn. Studenten at luncheon or dinner at his villa. Every week or so the Freiherr von Waldberg used to meet students he attracted at a café such as the Garni Perkeo, where the group would sit stein in hand around a long table in a private room and talk—sometimes brilliantly. In such little Kneipes throughout Germany live criticism of new literary, philosophical, artistic, and scientific tendencies is born.

American college teachers exert little influence of this kind. Rich in funds, our universities are poverty-stricken in that spiritual relationship of master and disciple which in its beauty and in its power to shape life takes rank with friendship and with love. Our professors are not in any sense Freiherrs—free masters. Their humiliating dependence upon the will of other men deprives them of the spiritual qualities which create discipleship.

We cannot imagine an American professor standing for any truth as Haeckel stood for years at Jena fighting almost alone in Europe the cherished theological biology all but universally accepted then by scholars, by the people, and by official churches, but now accepted by no scholar. There was no board of financier trustees at Jena to tell Haeckel to soft-pedal his subversive evolutionary ideas and dismiss him without trial if he declined.

In the recent popular articles and books on American colleges the most striking fact is an omission. The faculty does not

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appear as a factor in college life. The fact that men whose life business it is to study and think have no vital influence upon thinking and studying youth excites no comment.

The typical student attitude is illustrated by a remark overheard in the Harvard Yard. An influential sophomore was moulding opinion concerning a certain course in philosophy. "He's making that course too stiff for an undergraduate course," he said.

Interested in his own activities, the student regards a professor's course simply as a credit. Of these he is compelled to purchase with his time a certain number necessary for a degree. Occasionally he discovers a bargain, technically known as a snap, whereat he rejoices, despising however as easy the teacher from whom he can buy a credit so cheap. When, on the other hand, like the influential sophomore, he finds himself in a course which requires more than the average amount of study, he feels that he has been sold. "A fool and his study are soon parted." That professor is a skinflint; he sells a credit too high.

But a teacher as a living mind aiding the growth in power of other living minds—how few American students have ever seen one!

Raising the standard of requirements, i. e., the price of credits, does not in the least alter this radically vicious attitude. Nor is it primarily the fault of the student. It is not in human nature to have such a feeling toward live men lecturing on important subjects. The students' indifference is a consequence of the university policy of training, selecting, and suppressing teachers into saying what nobody will think of again outside the lecture room. Deprived of that freedom in which alone arise the daring, energy, and joy essential to creativeness, our teachers avoid ideas threatening change of things established with an instinct like that of certain animals avoiding poisonous plants. Such ideas might throw real light on life for youth, if youth could hear, but they endanger food and clothes and shelter. *We have enlisted the professor's instinct of self-preservation against original and courageous thought.*

Revolutionists of every kind are sifted out of our faculties by prudent trustees. But half the significant thinkers of the

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world are revolutionists of some kind, and most of the others cannot be understood save as resisters of revolution. These are the poles between which stream the currents of the world's creative thought. Obscure them and scholarship goes groping through the world without a light—as in American doctoral dissertations.

The American college is on trial. Men will not continue to spend four years of their youth in the pursuit of general culture and get so little of it. Professor Fife of Wesleyan thinks the colleges have deteriorated in the last half century. He notes the absence to-day among undergraduates of discussion of vital social and industrial problems, corresponding in our time to those problems of slavery and Darwinism with which the college atmosphere was electric in the middle third of the nineteenth century. There may be some idealization of the past in this view, but there is no question about the absence of vital discussion of living questions in colleges to-day. Their graduates go out to blunder into understanding of the modern world—perhaps through contact with those revolutionists they were taught to disregard or misunderstand.

"Where do they get that intellectual passion?" exclaims the typical university man when he encounters those minds in which the real issues of modern life are burning their way to solution.

The student does not get from his teachers even the kind of thinking which leads to understanding. He hears of no such thing as "the hierarchy of the sciences." He gets no chart of the world of mind, no hawk's-eye view, no hint that there is hub and tire to the wheel of knowledge. All he gets is loose spokes —without knowing they are spokes. In their individualistic, noncoöperative, specialist departments, bound too tight administratively and not related organically, the teachers themselves do not know it.

Not being in possession of the elements, the very tools of thought, college graduates are reduced to that subservience to conventional ideas which is their most easily observable class characteristic. Some huge spiritual steam roller seems to have run over their individualities. Following conventional ideas is one practicable way through life, but he who takes it instead of

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thinking for himself must follow, not lead, and he can be led almost anywhere.

The rules and statutes and restrictions of our universities show the least democratic organization and spirit of any in the world. Students are treated like irresponsible children—and respond to treatment. Great manuscript volumes record their absences from class. Faculty members have only a mockery of power, a vote on academic trifles—the standard of admission, the grades necessary to pass a course, the grouping of studies which may be elected, whether or not " marks " shall be " open." Even in such things they are not inclined to use their vote against the president upon whom they are dependent for continuance of position. They have no power over larger questions of university policy, no power over expenditure of income. They may see money needed for necessary books or scientific apparatus going into unnecessary buildings, but cannot stop it. The president is responsible not to them but to an outside board.

The board members who have the power to dismiss any teacher any day often hold their positions for life and are irremovable, as at Smith College, where a proposal to give the alumnæ more representation on the board has just been hypocritically evaded. Sometimes the board is purely self-perpetuating, as at Columbia. On other boards, such as one of Harvard's two, membership is for a term of years and graduates of five or more years' standing are permitted to select by vote one among six or seven nominees for each vacancy. A glance at any particular list of these nominees shows them to be all men of the same social class and viewpoint.

In State universities the regents are usually appointed by the governor. While there are capitalists among them, the typical regent has been appointed because the governor needed his political influence. Often the regent owns a newspaper.

The boards of public and private institutions have in common the fact that the teaching scholars who are collectively the university have no share whatever in the selection of their members and no check of any kind upon their actions.

Now why, set over a university, should there be a board of capitalists, lawyers, politicians, a board of non-scholars armed

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with that power of the purse which may be and is used to control and suppress the thought of scholars? Logically there is no reason. There should be no such board. Historically the reason is simple. We have inherited this undemocratic system from seventeenth century America, and have as yet done nothing to democratize it. It had its origin not in democracy but in theocracy. Founded to educate ministers our colleges had to be organized to guard against the creeping in of heresy. A professor who became a heretic had to go, and there had to be machinery to see that he went. And there was. And that seventeenth century machinery has been kept in good working order right down to the thirteenth year of the twentieth century.

In organizing State and nation after the revolution the anti-democracy represented by Hamilton had to compromise with a militant democracy, but in the theocratic college there was no democracy to compromise with. So the transition from an America ruled by ministers to the America ruled by capitalists through lawyers was accomplished without spilling any of the absolutism of college government. It has been so little challenged that new universities have copied it mechanically from older ones.

A professor is to-day dismissed, or asked to resign, or an instructor is not reappointed—all without opportunity for trial. In case he is informed of the disapproval of his "employers" before dismissal and given another chance he is simply, in the words of Judge Henry E. Holland, trustee of Yale, "hauled up before the board." The board could officially decapitate him just to amuse itself if that happened to appeal to its sense of humor. But a professor need not even be "hauled up." He may simply receive a letter notifying him that he is "relieved from further academic service," the relief to begin that day, as in the case of President Butler's letter of March 7, 1911, to Professor J. E. Spingarn.

That could not happen even in the army, which does not claim to be a very democratic organization. A court-martial is not proverbially overcareful of the rights of the men it tries, but it recognizes that there are such things. Not so the university trustee. The American professor has not even the right to be

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court-martialled. He is not judged like an army officer by his own colleagues. He is not judged like an American citizen by his peers.

Democratic reform of this absolutist system is not going to come spontaneously from the present governing boards. They see no reason for dissatisfaction with an arrangement which places unlimited power in their hands. Not being men of imagination they do not realize how degrading their rule is to the men they rule.

Their satisfaction with things as they are can best be shown by quoting a few expressions of the principle of autocratic power by board members themselves.

"The board of trustees are the ultimate authority," J. W. Alexander, member of the board of trustees at Princeton, has said. "In case there should be any differences, the authority of the board would have to prevail. The professors would have to walk the plank."

Mr. F. W. Peck, director of Chicago University, has written: "The trustees should see to it that in teaching . . . no unsound financial doctrines nor anything of a dangerous character be taught."

Secretary Goodspeed of Chicago said: "On all questions in our university the final supreme authority is vested in the trustees."

A Columbia trustee being asked, "Who is to decide whether the teaching of a professor is truth or untruth?" replied: "The board must decide what is right or wrong."

Why have scholars at all if scholarship—the conscience of the guild of scholars—is not to decide what shall be taught?

In a printed statement J. H. Raymond, trustee of Northwestern University, has said of professors: "In social science and political science they, as a rule, are only a little less qualified to be the final arbiters as to what shall be taught than they are concerning financial problems. In all things they should promptly and gracefully submit to the final determination of the trustees. A professor must be an advocate, but his advocacy must be in harmony with the conclusions of the powers that be."

Mr. Raymond received many congratulations from university

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authorities upon this uncompromisingly tyrannical position, and no protests from the teachers against whom the tyranny was directed. The incident helps to explain the European view of the third American sex, and prepares us for such books as the recent one by an instructor in journalism in the University of Wisconsin which gives instruction in the art of writing "apparently honest criticism" of plays in order to prepare the students for service on venial newspapers.*

The American university president, though his own position is hardly more secure than that of his subordinates, is the instrument of the will of the boards. One such president, Thomas F. Kane of the University of Washington, is recently reported by students to have said to them: "Students must get the right attitude. They have no right to criticise the regents, for they are higher in authority." The students asked him if they had no right to criticise the governor who appointed the regents. The president answered: "Not when he is on the campus." As citizens of the State the students may criticise the head of the State, but as university men they may not criticise their academic superior.

This principle means that democracy has not yet begun in college, and it means the end of democracy should it spread from there and prevail. It does not occur to President Kane that when you have deprived members of a university of the right to criticise, which amounts to the right to think, you have destroyed the university's reason for existence.

There are university teachers who do not feel the pressure on faculties for the reason that they instinctively share the point of view of the members of their governing board. Besides the men who do not feel the pressure are those that yield to it. Their cases do not become known. The slow death in them of the

**Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence,* by Grant Milnor Hyde. D. Appleton and Company, pp. 263-4. Mr. Hyde writes: "Very few critics are so fortunate as to be able to say exactly what they think about a play; they must say what the editor wants them to say. . . . One cannot praise in a way that is too evident; he cannot simply say 'The play was good; the acting was good; in fact, everything was good.' He must praise more cleverly and give his copy the appearance of honest criticism." Freshmen in the school of journalism at Wisconsin are required to buy this book.

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higher life of the mind is the silent tragedy of our university life. If difference with a board is not too vital the evil consequences fall short of dismissal. Promotion stops, as in the case of the popular Mr. Marckhardt of Michigan, an active socialist who has not been advanced in academic rank in spite of striking success as a teacher. There was a similar lack of promotion of Triggs of Chicago for a number of years before his dismissal. The unconventional Mr. Copeland, whose play of mind and æsthetic worldliness gave him more charm for students perhaps than any other man at Harvard, remained an instructor for years. Being a socialist may turn the scale against a man whose tenure is precarious for other reasons, as in the case of George Louis Arner, instructor in Economics at Dartmouth. His Ph.D. was in sociology instead of in economics, and his lecture form was not very good, but he influenced students. He was not reappointed the third year.

The observable test of academic freedom comes when a scholar thinks something, regarded as important, which his governing board does not think, and he refuses to yield. Some cases may be recalled to indicate the kind of differences for which professors " have to walk the plank."

There was a time when they were dismissed for views on free trade and greenbacks, as President George M. Steele of Lawrence University back in 1892. A whole crop of them went because they believed in free silver, like President E. B. Andrews and President H. E. Stockbridge of the North Dakota Agricultural College. Some went for Populism, like Docent I. H. Hourwich of the University of Chicago. They went for " anti-imperialism," like President Henry Wade Rogers of North-western. They went because they were " anti-monopolistic," like Frank Parsons and John R. Commons of the Kansas Agricultural College and E. W. Bemis of the University of Chicago. Some went for " anti-plutocratic " ideas and acts, like President Thomas E. Will of the Kansas Agricultural College in 1900.

Professors have been ousted because they were Unitarians (of all innocuous people!) like Dr. J. H. Ward of Kansas. They have been appointed on condition they should not let it be known they were Unitarians, as in the case of Inis H. Weed, appointed

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Dean of Women on this condition a few years ago in the State University of Washington. A Russian has been offered an appointment as professor of French on condition that he change his Russian name to a French one. This was Lieut.-Col. Lochwitsky, I. R. A., who lives at 3543 Indiana Avenue in Chicago. The case of E. A. Ross of Stanford, dismissed for views on coolie immigration and municipal ownership, attracted more than usual attention simply because the suppression of opinion was the act, not as usual of a governing board, but of an individual, a founder of the university.

Professors have been tried for sociological heresy, like Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin. They have been let out for "applying" Christianity, like George D. Herron of Grinnell College. And—hopeful sign—they have been let out for standing by a colleague under fire. Of these are G. E. Howard of Stanford for protest against the dismissal of Ross, President George W. Gates of Grinnell for standing by Herron (also for offending the school-book trust), and J. E. Spingarn dismissed after a fight growing out of the case of Harry Thurston Peck, who was dismissed for being sued for breach of promise.

Nowadays the characteristic danger point for professors is industrial unionism, not so much "syndicalism" theoretically and in general as participation in some specific industrial conflict. College teachers are perfectly free to hold any opinions they please about such things—provided they do not publicly express them. Getting a good hot socialist speech reported in the newspapers will sometimes do the business, as in the recent case of Kendrick P. Shedd of the University of Rochester, dismissed after twenty-two years of service for his speech at Auburn, N. Y. A vehement speech on a particular industrial situation will do it, as in the case of the speech at Bridgeport, Connecticut, of Frank Bohn, lecturer in History in the Columbia extension work. Vida Scudder's speech at Lawrence brought her the threat of dismissal unless she could give assurance of non-repetition of the offence. This she declined to do and the threat was not carried out.

Professors can lose their positions by admitting before a committee investigating the subject that the president of their uni-

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versity is a liar. This was the case of Professors Simms, Andrews, and Van Steenderen of the University of Iowa.

Out of hundreds of cases of academic unfreedom these must suffice to show that the principles of autocratic government enunciated by board members are no dead letter, but are in active operation.

The fear they inspire in American faculty men was strikingly illustrated when the Inter-collegiate Socialist Society first sent out letters asking indorsement of its object. This was not to make socialists, but "to promote an intelligent interest in socialism among college men and women." The society found twenty-seven professors, among them men of foreign culture like Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard, who were willing to let their names appear as indorsers. But hundreds of letters were received from men who said that while they were in sympathy with the proposed object they did not desire to have the fact made public.

Over-timidity?

Yes. The over-timidity of the unfree. A revelation of the spiritual atmosphere of that subjected class to whom America sends its youth to be prepared for manhood.

If the American college did no worse than reflect in miniature the capitalist oligarchy which more or less controls society as a whole, there would not be much hope of its reform before the reform, or revolution, of the rest of society. But existing college government is an absolutism unknown anywhere else in our life, and the absurdity of not intrusting with self-government a body of men as highly trained as a college faculty is glaring. Consequently a movement to bring the college abreast should have good hope of success at the present time.

If the colleges refuse to come abreast we should stop sending them our sons and daughters to be infected with the hookworm of social backwardness. Unless we have gone in for the production of a nation of slaves, the college professor of to-day, logical fruit of a despotic system, is too dangerous an example to set before the nation's youth.

The remedy for lack of freedom is self-government. The way to free a slave is to abolish the power of his master. The

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way to secure academic freedom and make university teachers free personalities is to transfer to them as a body the powers now held by outside boards, including the appointive machinery, the control of university finances, the right to select their own president, and above all the power—fatal and blighting when not in their own hands—the power to terminate a scholar's connection with his institution.

The scholars of a university must collectively control their own incomes, that is, their own lives and thoughts. Educators must control education. If that is dangerous to the interest of any special class, so much the worse for it. Its interest has got in the way of a primary interest of society.

By giving them the governing power we can raise up a new breed of teachers—men to whom the youth of the land can look for real light on life. Respected for the first time by themselves, by students, and by foreign scholars, such men will be free for significant thought and utterance, for real study and unflinching criticism of public affairs.

"Great personalities are essential to any educational institution," writes the president of Smith College arguing for raising salaries. More pay is obviously not remedy enough. A system which can and does cut off the income and career of a thinker who dares to advocate a conclusion not "in harmony with the conclusions of the powers that be" cannot be expected to produce great personalities and has not done so. Real personalities, to say nothing of great ones, will continue to be few among college teachers until they are free from their present fear, restraint and subservience.

The administrative heads of universities must be made responsible not to a small board of non-teachers set over the faculty, but to the teaching scholars. Since to abolish the existing boards would be considered too sharp a break with tradition, it will be easier as a matter of tactics to leave them in existence shorn of power. This can be accomplished by having the members of the boards, like the presidents, elected by the teaching force.

A cautious half-step in this direction was recommended by President Schurman in his report last fall to the Cornell trustees.

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The proposal is to permit full professors to elect one third of the board of trustees. If adopted this plan will result in no transfer of power. It is interesting only as a possible first step toward a university governed by its scholars.

We should have a board of trustees of whom not merely a safe minority of one third, but all are elected by the faculty. We should have as electors not merely full professors but the whole body of teachers. Another step in a gradual elimination of the outside element would be to make faculty members eligible to board membership. That accomplished, a college president and governing board would be related to the faculty much as an English or French premier and his cabinet are related to parliament.

A college president might well prefer to be the head of such a self-governing democracy of scholars rather than what he is.

Other indications of pressure toward democracy are the committees at the Universities of Illinois and Washington to study the question of more democratic government. The Illinois committee was appointed three years ago and its report has not yet been published.

These stirrings at Cornell, at Washington, at Illinois, and elsewhere, indicate that university self-government can be brought into the sphere of "practical politics" if means can be found of rousing intelligent public opinion to its importance.

Public discussion is likely to bring up objections similar to those which arise in private discussions among university men. The three chief arguments seem to be that scholars in control would not get money, that professors do not desire freedom, and that they do not need power because their interests are being well looked after without it.

As to not getting money: it is time our universities were using the great wealth they already have for the ends of scholars instead of crushing down those ends wherever they conflict with the prospect of further "benefactions." These cost too much in sacrifice of independence. Our universities are rich enough. If they are going to do no more than they have done for the world's thought, for the kindling of intellectual passion, the wealth that

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has been showered upon them is all waste. The society of the future will not endure it.

In productive funds Columbia has forty-four million dollars, Harvard twenty-five, Chicago seventeen, Yale nearly fourteen, Cornell over nine million.

Of annual income Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Yale and Michigan have over a million and a half.

Chicago, Harvard, Illinois, and Cornell have over two million.

Columbia does not say.

The poorest of them has money enough to afford the luxury of unmuzzled scholarship. The American university which succeeds in replacing mercenary with intellectual passion is going to gain much more in prestige among the best elements of our life and in international standing than it will lose in those benefactions which are now acting as malefactions. If any endowment is held or support obtained under conditions incompatible with control by teachers, the quicker the universities let go of it the better. It is not more money they need, but free men.

As to the second objection, that professors do not desire freedom—it is really true that some of them argue against the need of it. They say they are paid to teach certain things in certain ways and that if they do not want to do it they are free to leave.

The argument betrays their indifference as to whether their university is perverting or fulfilling its social function. Such matters have been relegated to the trustees. The teacher's apathy is a psychical result of lack of responsibility.

The argument against freedom by men deprived of it is not unfamiliar. These are not the first slave advocates of slavery. The overthrow of such a system is likely to take time; the pleasure and displeasure of the masters is swift. We shall always have the plant animal justifying the sessile mode of life.

The third argument is current at Columbia. Some professors there argue that they do not need any more power because there is a commission at Columbia "studying the high cost of living with a view to raising professors' salaries." Since there is a disposition on the part of trustees to raise salaries, since sab-

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batical year privileges are being extended, since the interests of college teachers are being so well looked after by the masters under the present system, what need to change? Since our despotism is benevolent why incur all the trouble and risk of a struggle for freedom?

The answer is that unfortunately such comfortable acceptance of benevolent despotism produces the third American sex. It sterilizes the intellectual life of university and nation. It is still true that despotism cannot be accepted nor freedom renounced without serious spiritual consequences. They are observable in teachers who do not desire freedom of teaching.

Such narrowed vision and atrophied will is discouraging to those who consider what chance there is for improvement. Here is the vicious circle which exists between every tyranny and its victims. Lack of power produces subservience of spirit, and subservient spirits are not fit for nor able to attain power.

Is there any way out?

There would be none if all American professors were plant animals. But the men who have refused to knuckle down, the men who leave because the university as it is cramps growth, are evidence that a certain proportion of American scholars will not accept the sessile mode of life. It is to this kind of men still inside the faculties that we must look for revivification of the universities.

All that part of American society which can still appreciate the need of intellectual freedom should try to induce these potentially valuable faculty rebels to discontinue the futile old method of petty individual rebellion. Instead of revolting and being eliminated one or two at a time, leaving the system unchanged, they must get together and transform the system.

Even a dozen men combined could do something. Trustees would have to pause before dismissing such a group. Half its faculty a real university could hardly drop, though the thing has been done at Marietta and other little sectarian colleges. An entire faculty standing together could secure in a short time the powers of university government.

That there is no faculty capable of such solidarity is of course

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true. But it is also true that no faculty is without a certain number of men capable of standing together for their guild interests.

It is these who ought to be organizing and centering upon the immediate object of securing for faculties the right to elect their own president and trustees.

The tension of such a movement would from its inception end the spiritual inertia complained of in our colleges.

There have been individuals preaching the gospel of internal self-government. The writings of Professor Cattell of Columbia and those of his contributors in his weekly *Science* have not been without effect in bringing about the significant recommendation at Cornell. His recent volume *University Control* contains a valuable referendum showing that 85 per cent. of 299 scientific men of academic position favor a change of our absolutist system of university government.

What is sorely needed now is not the intermittent work of individuals, but a campaign conducted systematically by a permanent organization. This could bring Cattell's Columbia literature to bear effectively upon the situation at the University of Washington, and make what Professor Guido Marks does at Stanford help the cause of self-government at Columbia. *Science* has made itself a focus of the intelligent discontent of university teachers, but only the roused opinion of a much wider public can force the present governing boards to relinquish power. Faculty men should create an organization to create that opinion.

In the past the arbitrary power of presidents and trustees has frequently suggested such coöperation of college teachers, but at this point the idea has been habitually disposed of by some one saying with a laugh "Brain Workers No. 1," or "the Professors' Union." That seemed to settle it.

Shrinking instinctively from the application of the working class method to their profession, the academic workers have failed to consider seriously the only line of action likely to lead to their independence. How much of the ridiculousness of the phrase "professors' union" is due to the fact that professors as we know them, dissociated from the idea of power and manhood, are in themselves somewhat ridiculous? It is perhaps because we are not accustomed to look to them for anything re-

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quiring so much guts as the formation of a union that the two ideas "professor" and "union" clash. But "union" is capable of taking "professor" out of the category of the ridiculous.

An ex-professor of international reputation who rebelled with the sympathy of certain colleagues against a piece of administrative domineering brings against organization the objection, sustained by his own experience, that college teachers "lie down." But it has been in the individual fights of other men that they have lain down. It is yet to be demonstrated that they would abandon a battle for their common cause. They have quit in spontaneous, socially aimless revolts of individuals. Would they quit in a general revolt made for a principle to which by organizing they had pledged themselves in advance? Or is there no principle for which they would so pledge themselves?

In either case we should have to give them up, and stop sending people to college. But we should not, like many radicals, give up the colleges on suspicion, *a priori,* because till now they have been inert. We have spent too much money and life on them to abandon them hopelessly to reaction without a determined effort on the part of friends of intellectual freedom to democratize them.

The strength attainable by organization of the living element among the college teachers themselves is too valuable for them to permit either a ridiculous phrase or a professional prejudice or the fear inspired by their own past weakness to stand in the way.

There is as much need for the college teachers to overcome the obstacles, trivial and serious, that retard organization as there was for primary teachers when they first formed their "federations." While this article is being written the ideas embodied in it are being made the basis of a manifesto of a new radical organization of the high school teachers of New York City.

In the matter of a "union" the college teachers have not only the example of the primary school teachers and the secondary school teachers, but also that of the heads of their own institutions. There is a college presidents' union. It is not a modest organization. It calls itself "The Association of American Universities." The name expresses the prevalent presidential

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belief, unfortunately based on fact, that there is nothing much to a university but president.

Unlike most other labor organizations, the C. P. U. or College Presidents' Union holds its sessions in secret. It may be a little sinister, but it is not ridiculous. It has power. It has the authority delegated to their instruments by the omnipotent but non-executive trustees.

That is the power whose possession would make the C. T. U., the college teachers' union, not ridiculous. The transfer, with its resulting new and powerful type of scholar, is an important interest of American society. But everybody's business being nobody's, this is the special business of the college teachers themselves. The interest of society as a whole coincides with their guild interest. Being unable to fulfil their social function without the governing power it is their highest duty to demand it and not to quit until they get it. Society should hold them responsible if they do not.

The scholars' guild—to choose a name which helps to reveal the true ultimate aim of such an organization—has not merely as reason for existence its present practical fighting advantages and the accomplishment of the immediate object of securing university self-government. Looking out beyond that, it is a necessity as the germ of an essential social organ.

Society begins to reveal its new structure—a federation of productive industries and social activities each governed from within and all coördinated. If among these there should be no organ of scholarship industrial, society will be vitally defective.

From it scholars cannot hold aloof. Like the other unions that compose it theirs must be free but responsible, self-guided but not self-willed, governed not from without as now through economic power in the hands of another class, but from within by the high technical conscience of the guild.

The lack of solidarity with the majority of the nation which has characterized our intellectual class—its mistaken mental identification of itself with the ruling class—has filled the labor movement with bitter contempt for "intellectuals." Because of the upper class color of "culture" the working class is growing inimical to culture itself. If the intellectual class fails to orga-

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nize and strengthen itself and get itself into right relations with the working class which is the nation, the coming supremacy of that working class may sweep away—wheat with chaff—the culture of the world.

Instead of that, scholars aware and worthy of their function and having the courage to fulfil it can make their guild the centre of the world's new mind—the social organ by which humanity remembers its past and brings it to bear effectively upon the present.

Education is the chief occupation of one quarter of the population—at the present time in round numbers 600,000 teachers and twenty million pupils and students. Eventually this whole sphere of life must be in the control of one big union.

But this cannot be lumped amorphously into one structureless mass. Inside its unity the primary school teachers, secondary school teachers, college teachers, and university research workers will each have to hold themselves free of the others for their own characteristic development.

The primary school teachers are already feeling more and more conscious of their collectivity and its function. The college teachers may come belated, but they must come to feel the oneness, in a single but differentiated organization, of all who teach.

No vision of the future, of course, can have dynamic power to start a movement of college teachers. A far, fine goal can have value only to a movement that has started. What can and should start it is the pressure of the galling, hampering condition which exists—the undemocratic government of teachers by trustees which is spoiling the lives and work of our scholars and thereby doing serious damage to the higher life of America.

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THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MADERO

DOLORES BUTTERFIELD

IN 1910 Mexico held a presidential election, in which, for the first time in his career, Porfirio Diaz was confronted by a rival candidate. This candidate was neither a soldier nor a politician. He was a business man, whose leisure had been devoted to study and literature. Indeed, he was ridiculed as a dreamer by the party in power, and because he was a Theosophist, a vegetarian, and a few other things of which they had no comprehension, they scoffed at him as "El loco Don Pancho." Nevertheless, his political writings, though dispassionate and impartial, were so logical and fearless that the party in power paid him the compliment of suppressing them. He had the courage to accept a nomination from which Bernardo Reyes, the soldier, and several politicians, had run away.

The persecutions launched against Francisco Madero and the anti-reëlectionist party which nominated him, and the fraud resorted to in that election, would fill a volume. Madero himself and all men known to be his supporters, and indeed many who were only suspected of it, were imprisoned. The new candidate, politically unknown when he began his unprecedented campaign, became so tremendously popular that the most brutal terrorism was resorted to in a vain effort to check the growing sentiment in favor of democracy—or its manifestation, at least. The election of 1910, returning Diaz and Corral to office, and ratified by Congress in the face of documentary evidence of 150 cases of flagrant fraud submitted by the anti-reëlectionist party (which evidence was never examined even for the sake of pretence), was absolutely illegal.

The country revolted. The Government called upon its army of 30,000 men, and found that half of that army was "graft," it numbering really not more than 15,000. Volunteers were called for, but the volunteers were all going to Madero. So widespread was the revolution, so simultaneous in all parts of the country, and so wholly supported by public opinion, that the Diaz régime, undermined by its own corrup-

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tion, and taken by surprise in its over-confidence, was suing for peace at the end of six months, and Diaz and Corral were forced to resign.

Francisco Leon de la Barra, a more or less neutral politician, though a conservative, well thought of by both parties, and whose honor, despite his connection with the old régime, was unquestioned, was the selection of both sides for Provisional President pending an election. Madero could have gone into the presidency at once on a wave of popular enthusiasm without parallel in the history of his country; but he wished to emphasize the fact that the revolution was not intended to put him in power, but simply to overcome the dictatorship and make an election possible; and, though even his friends criticised the sacrifice of his advantage, he insisted upon waiting six months for excitement to cool before an election was called. Even so, he was elected by an almost unanimous vote, in the midst of a popular enthusiasm bordering on delirium. He himself had no control over that election. He had disbanded and disarmed his troops, and the polls were in the hands of de la Barra, whose sympathies were known to be more with the old party than with Madero, but whose honesty was relied upon despite that fact. In the election returns de la Barra himself was defeated for the vice-presidency.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to speak here of the attempt on the part of Bernardo Reyes to launch his candidacy, since its withdrawal has been made to reflect upon the election. Reyes had been offered the popular nomination in 1910 and had refused it, adding insult to injury by saying of the Diaz methods: "That is the way to govern." That this man, whose cowardice had lost him the opportunity (his first of all) to be the great popular hero, should now return to vie for their favor against the man who had loved them enough to espouse their cause in its dark hour, so infuriated the people that Reyes was mobbed and stoned, and de la Barra had all he could do sending soldiers about to protect the would-be candidate, until he withdrew his candidacy and left the country—to start a revolution, in which his unpopularity was again so signally manifested that even he became convinced of it.

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The conduct of the populace in attacking Reyes was blameworthy, but after all not unnatural. It was the conduct of men who, after generations of despotic rule, had not yet realized the fact that they could have expressed their opinion of Reyes quite as effectively with the ballot box as by pelting him with stones, and far more creditably to themselves.

With Madero in office the people were inclined to consider the battle won, although the leaders of the anti-reëlectionist party (reorganized as the Partido Nacional Progresista) reminded them repeatedly that the hardest part of the fight was still before them, inasmuch as the enemy, so easy to worst on an honest battlefield, was far more dangerous in the field of intrigue, to which it was sure to resort.

We must here consider that enemy. The corrupt party which grew up about the old dictator, and for which in his last years of rule he became merely a figurehead and shield, was called the Cientifico party by its opponents, it having no name of its own, and being ostensibly simply an aggregation of patriots devoting themselves perpetually to the service of their country. These men represented at once a bureaucracy and a landed aristocracy. Among them they owned practically all the land of Mexico; two or three of them would own an entire State; and as they also owned the State governorships, the courts of the nation, the portfolios of the Ministry, and the presidency and vice-presidency of the country under Diaz and Corral, it will readily be seen that they owned the country, body and soul. Their terrible system of exploitation had become with each year increasingly intolerable and undisguised; the situation of the people was desperate. The constitution of Mexico is as liberal and advanced as our own, and in some points even superior, providing for direct election of senators and of the Supreme Court; but this constitution was in actual effect entirely abrogated by the Cientificos, who ruled by a mediæval feudalism combined with an incipient capitalism which spelt for the majority of the people of Mexico absolute want, ignorance and degradation, and tremendous wealth for the beneficiaries of the system.

These men, powerful and terrible in themselves, were in

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reality but the representatives of a power even more vast and terrible. They were but fingers on the hands of greed and monopoly reaching out from Wall Street and the money centres of Europe. Behind Diaz was the Pearson-Morgan-Cientifico alliance, and when Diaz went down that alliance was still to be reckoned with. Madero and the Progressive leaders knew this. The ignorant masses did not know it and were largely incapable of comprehending it.

True, it has been charged that Madero himself was only the hired man of Standard Oil. Here is the truth of that charge:

Porfirio Diaz, owing to his own connection with the Pearson Oil people (the Mexican Petroleum Company, Ltd.), an English syndicate allied with the Morgan interests, had greatly discriminated against the Standard Oil, practically keeping it out of business in Mexico in the interests of the Pearson monopoly. Agents of the Standard at one time discovered some oil wells and were about to denounce them when Diaz nationalized them. This was lauded by the Cientifico salaried press as a most patriotic action; but it presently transpired that the oil wells so patriotically nationalized to save them from the maw of the Standard had quietly passed into possession of the Pearson Company. Standard Oil disliked Porfirio Diaz as heartily as the Pearson-Morgan combine rejoiced in him.

Madero must certainly have known this, for it was common knowledge. He financed his revolution with 30,000,000 pesos ($15,000,000 U. S. currency) which was his own personal inherited fortune. He also mortgaged his personal properties in Coahuila, and gave his personal note at high interest to secure additional funds. Where was he to go for money in sufficient quantity to conduct a war if not to Wall Street? And shall we criticise his judgment if he took his securities to Standard Oil instead of to Morgan? Whether this constituted him the tool of Standard Oil or not we must leave his own conduct to show.

This Cientifico-Morgan alliance was the power Madero had to fight. To be sure, he had his choice of making peace with it, for the alliance was not so unalterably devoted to Porfirio Diaz that, for its money interests, it would not have accepted

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his successor, young and modern, with a clean record and overwhelming popularity, had he consented to be a reformer only in name, and in reality to serve the alliance. He had the choice of every Latin-American President: to betray his people or fight these allied interests. Had he consented to the betrayal, he would have had all the strength of Wall Street to render his Government stable, and it would have taken a real revolution of the whole people of Mexico to overthrow him.

The fate that Francisco Madero met at the hands of this alliance is the best proof of his sincerity. It is not the false and dishonest Presidents of Latin-American republics who have anything to fear from Wall Street or foreign capital generally.

By the treaty of peace of Juarez, Madero had committed himself to respect the established Congress; which was wholly a mistake, since that Congress was not elected by the people and did not really represent the people, but the Cientificos. This mistake, like such others as he made, originated in his kindness of heart, for he wished to end the revolution of 1910-11 without further bloodshed by acceding to so much of the conditions presented by Diaz. He faithfully kept that promise even after its breaking was justified by the men to whom he had made it, and in his love for democracy committed the additional error of allowing that hold-over Congress to act upon its own initiative—a privilege it had never enjoyed under Diaz. The result was the adoption by Congress of an obstructionist policy which delayed the reform measures Madero had promised. This delay was, as a matter of fact, only a slight one; but it was assiduously made use of by Cientifico agents to foment discontent among the ignorant on the plea that Madero was fooling the people.

Another Cientifico weapon was the press, owned or subsidized by them almost in its entirety, since under their régime all papers not amenable to subsidy were persecuted and suppressed. Availing itself of its new liberty, the press assailed the Administration at every point, distorting and misrepresenting its every act, circulating insidious falsehoods, exaggerating every adverse circumstance, and by sheer force of endless repetition doing its best to establish its accusations as positive facts. The capitalist press of the United States joined in depicting Madero as an

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ambitious revolutionist, a corrupt politician, and a deceiver of the people.

In addition to the intrigue and bribery of the Cientificos and the attacks of their press, there was Zapata.

Zapata had risen against Diaz, calling himself a Maderista. In a war conducted with a humanity seldom recorded in the annals of Mexican warfare, in which civilians and foreigners, and, on Madero's side, prisoners of war, were respected, the methods of Zapata were such as to be rather a detriment than a service to the cause. So much was this the case that Ambrosio Figueroa, his commander, unable to control Zapata and his numerous following of lawless men, separated from him, refusing to be identified with his campaign. The fall of Diaz made no difference to Zapata—without a break he kept on fighting against de la Barra; or rather, looting villages, which was his way of fighting. Madero, in an unofficial capacity as chief of the revolution, saw Zapata and obtained his promise to lay down his arms; but Zapata never kept that promise. After the election of Madero he still continued his depredations without pause. He called himself an "agrarian rebel," excusing himself with wrongs which really did exist, but for which Madero was in no case to blame. Whatever the promises of Madero, and whether he broke them or not, the Zapatista had no legitimate cause for complaint, since he never gave Madero a chance, but on the contrary contributed most actively to increase the difficulty of keeping those promises.

Yet despite all this, in less than four months (about February, 1912, Madero having been elected in November, 1911), the Administration began active measures for the survey and adequate appraisement for taxation of the enormous estates, previously assessed at a mere fraction of their value and containing thousands of acres which their titles did not cover. Madero had never promised, either in the Plan of San Luis Potosi or aside from it, to subdivide the lands of Mexico by violent confiscation. An adequate land tax, which would automatically take the land out of the hands of non-users and distribute it among the users, such distribution to be aided by the organization of a Government loan bank to facilitate the acquisition of

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land by the poor, was the plan he advocated. Reputable engineers were sent out to survey and reappraise the lands, it being worthy of note that these operations began in the States of Chihuahua and Coahuila, where the Madero family estates are situated.

General Luis Terrazas owns 12,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua. He and his henchmen having always been the Governors of that State until the election of Abraham Gonzalez in 1911, he was accustomed to doing exactly as he pleased about the taxation of those lands, and when he saw the reappraisement figures of the engineering corps, he was not disposed to let it go at that. Luis Terrazas is the father-in-law and close ally of Enrique C. Creel, the great banker—a part-American, variously Ambassador to the United States and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Diaz, and the most sinister of the whole Cientifico clique, in so far as any one of them may claim the honor of that distinction above the others.

Immediately following the revaluation of the Terrazas lands the garrison at Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, mutinied, proclaiming a revolution, and shortly afterward Pascual Orozco, Jr., Chief-of-Arms of the military zone of Chihuahua, joined this revolution and became its leader. It was well known at the time that Orozco, after being paid $25,000 (U. S.) for his services in the Madero revolution, had demanded further sums of the Government and been refused. It was also perfectly transparent, and has since been proved beyond question, that the Terrazas and Creel interests fomented and financed the movement and paid Orozco for his defection. Orozco claimed that Madero had broken his promises to the people—four months after Madero's election, in the face of the fact that he was doing his best to fulfil them. He even went so far as to impute to the Plan of San Luis Potosi a dozen or more glowing promises not to be found in the original text, which Madero had ignored, but which he, if victorious, would fulfil—a deception practicable and valuable in a country of preponderant illiteracy.

The men at whose head Orozco placed himself, aside from his own troops, were for the most part ex-Maderistas of the worst character, who had failed to lay down their arms with

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the other Maderistas when the revolution was won, but had turned to looting isolated ranches and committing depredations under the successive titles of Magonistas, Reyistas, Vazquistas, etc., until they finally settled into Orozquistas. These men, like the Zapatistas in the south, never gave Madero a chance and had no legitimate complaint against him; and if, like the Zapatistas, they were not wholly to blame, their absolute ignorance, extreme poverty and consequent depravity being the result of their lifelong conditions, neither was Madero to blame because he could not by a miracle transform them and their conditions from one day to another.

The only thing that ever made the Orozco revolution appear formidable was its seizure of Juarez, a port of entry, and Chihuahua, the State capital. These were not taken by courage or skill of arms, but by treacherous mutiny on the part of men to whom the cities had been intrusted; men not strong enough—so devoid were they of real popular support—to hold these cities when they had them. Orozco called his revolution a "People's revolution." Yet in 1910, when the people really rose, they easily overcame the small army of convicts and conscripts and overthrew a military dictatorship of thirty years' standing. Why then, in 1912, could not the same people overcome the same army? Obviously, because Orozco never represented the people of Mexico. His following never numbered more than five or six thousand men at most, in his most fortunate days, while on the other hand Madero was able to double the federal army with Maderista volunteers. Many labor unions volunteered in a body to augment his ranks, for that class, more perhaps than any other, literally worshipped him.

The Orozquistas, as an army, were soon disorganized and disrupted, only saved from entire annihilation by the mountainous topography of a sparsely-settled country affording them protection, and by the laxity of certain federal officers, now known to have been bribed, who neglected, after a certain point, to follow up actively the rigorous campaign instituted in the first place by General Fernando Trucy Aubert. These officers, like those pursuing Zapata in the south, festooned the roadside trees with looters and thieves—until Madero proclaimed an am-

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nesty, sorely against their will, for they wished that campaign to militate against him with the people—but they made no real effort to capture the hired leaders who fomented the disorders.

The Orozco revolution, however, served its purpose. In conjunction with the Zapata rebellion, it constituted a most effective flank movement, and from the moment of its outbreak the Progressive Administration was not allowed a free moment in which to work. It depleted the treasury necessarily and unavoidably, while the cry went up that Madero was looting the treasury. It prevented the reorganization and reduction of taxes as a matter of course. It halted the land survey and appraisement movement, and also the subdivision of tracts already reclaimed as public lands. In a word, it went far toward halting all the reforms for which Orozco was so loudly clamoring, and made the reconstruction of the country doubly difficult, if not impossible. In its task of undermining the Progressive Administration it found most efficient aid in the Cientifico press of Mexico and the pro-intervention newspapers of the United States.

Still the Administration was not brought to terms. It revoked a number of monopolistic concessions granted by the Diaz régime in its last and worst years of power—among others the notorious west coast fishing concession and pearl fisheries concession. The labor unions, crushed under Diaz, under Madero extended all over Mexico, he personally assisting in the organization of many of them. Shortly after his inauguration the working-men began to strike for living wages, and the employers called upon the Government, as they were in the habit of doing, to "arbitrate." Porfirio Diaz used to arbitrate the labor question with guns, as in Rio Blanco and Cananea, to the entire satisfaction of the capitalists. Madero refused to lend troops because there were no disorders to justify it, and the Government's attitude obliged the employers to raise the wages of the strikers. Later, a minimum wage law was passed for the benefit of striking textile workers. It has been stated from an impartial source that under the Madero Administration the wages of working-men in some parts of Mexico actually quadrupled (from 25c. to $1.00 per day, U. S.), though the paralyzation of

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business due to the counter-revolution went far toward counteracting these benefits.

A study of Latin-American politics abundantly proves that this kind of legislation was likely to have far more to do with the crushing of Madero than his having 150 relatives in office, real or fictitious or a little of both, or his alleged looting of the treasury, or any broken promises to the people. It was the determination to keep those promises, and not the breaking of them, that undid him.

Against the Cientifico-Morgan alliance the Progressive Administration had the doubtful support of Standard Oil, with whose agents it succeeded in negotiating a loan. Standard Oil demanded enormous concessions and was refused. The refusal of Madero to take his country from the Pearson-Morgan combine and make it a present to Standard Oil instead spelt the absolute cutting off of money supplies for his treasury, and the consolidation of Wall Street against him.

Now came Felix Diaz, plentifully financed, proclaiming a revolution in Vera Cruz. Felix Diaz had been chief of police in Mexico City under his uncle (nobody talked about relatives in office in those days); but he was a military graduate glorying in the title of brigadier-general, which rank he had attained at a very early age for merits not apparent to the public at large. He was chiefly known for his notorious corruption, even at a time when corruption in the Government was never spoken of above a whisper, and for his habit of firing upon unarmed demonstrators and riding them down with his mounted police. He had also pretended at one time to be an anti-Reëlectionist, and had gone about in various cities visiting the Maderistas in prison, as well as such few as were out of prison, gathering from them what incriminating evidence he could; which was not much, since despite the cloud of Cientifico wrath at the moment supposed to envelop him, nobody trusted him.

While in possession of Vera Cruz Felix Diaz announced that he was a patriot without personal ambitions; that he would never under any circumstances be an aspirant to the presidency of Mexico; that he desired only to bring peace to his country, and that, peace assured, the nation might have free voice in

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the selection of its executive. Numerous working-men at once undertook a peaceful parade, bearing Madero banners; whereupon the Diaz troops fired upon them, killing seventeen and wounding many others, of whom five died later.

Different stories are told of Diaz's capture in Vera Cruz, and it is too recent yet to know the exact and entire truth of that affair. Plots and counter-plots, bribes and counter-bribes are alleged, and just how far these allegations may be true, or how far the matter may admit of a simpler explanation, it is impossible to say. Be the truth of these stories what it may, Felix Diaz was captured and sentenced to death by a court-martial. Madero was appealed to to save the life of the condemned man, and his clemency got the better of his prudence. Diaz was confined in the fortress of San Juan de Ulua, but a plot to liberate him being discovered, he was transferred to Mexico City (without "trying to escape" on the way, be it observed) and confined in Belen prison.

On the 8th of February, 1913, cadets of the Tlalpan military college under General Ruiz, in connivance with a faction of the army, liberated Felix Diaz and Bernardo Reyes, the latter a prisoner since his own revolutionary effort in December, 1911. Diaz seized the arsenal, which is close to the prison, and in the first surprise attacked the national palace. In that attack General Reyes was killed, and General Ruiz was captured and summarily executed in the courtyard of the palace. The Felicistas were repulsed and forced to concentrate in the arsenal.

Then followed the terrible eleven-day bombardment of Mexico City. While it lasted Madero was assailed by lukewarm politicians and wealthy citizens (the capitalists of Mexico never did care for him), urging his resignation in the interests of peace. His refusal to resign, on the ground that he was the constitutionally elected President, and his resignation would amount to a desertion of the people who elected him, was translated to mean inordinate personal ambition, senseless obstinacy and caprice. The worthy gentlemen besieging him did not appear to think it incumbent upon them to appeal to the patriotism of Felix Diaz for a cessation of the bombardment which was wrecking Mexico City; nor did they feel called upon to de-

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nounce *his* conduct as signifying personal ambition, caprice or obstinacy.

One thing is worthy of remark. In 1911, the populace of Mexico City gathered before the national palace and shouted at Porfirio Diaz to resign, so loudly that even he, deaf as he was, heard it through closed doors. Now, with shells bursting overhead and suffering on every side, it was not the populace which urged Madero to resign. To the last Madero rode freely through the streets of the city, bareheaded on his great white horse, amid cheers.

Both sides were charged with disregarding the rules of civilized warfare in that battle. The rules of civilized warfare, however, have never forbidden the bombardment of cities—or did not, at all events, when American troops shelled Vicksburg and Richmond. There is no constitutional President in the world who would not have considered it his right and his duty to defend his national capital from such rebels; no country in the world where the comfort of foreign residents, Americans or of other nationality, would have been considered paramount to the nation's life-and-death struggle between democracy and despotism.

But if it is true, as charged, that Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief of the army, did not betray his President at the last moment, but that his treason was a preconcerted thing, and that, coming and going daily with Madero, he was all the while awaiting the moment to betray him; if it is true that he deliberately sent battalion after battalion of devoted Maderista volunteers to be mown down by the machine guns of the arsenal in a profitless assault; if it is true that he had the sights of his own guns altered so that shells aimed at the arsenal fell in the business and even the residence sections of the city; then, indeed, we must admit that Victoriano Huerta at least has violated all the rules not only of civilized warfare but of civilization.

Just how much of what has come from the City of Mexico during the past months is true and how much wild report or censored lies of the *de facto* Government, it would be impossible to say as yet. The known facts, however, are sufficiently revolting to require no embellishment and admit of no extenuation.

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Madero was arrested on the 19th of February by General Aurelio Blanquet of the federal forces, and confined in the national palace, together with Pino Suarez, the Vice-President, while Gustavo Madero, the President's brother, was arrested by Victoriano Huerta, then dining with him at a restaurant. Later, a resignation purporting to be signed by Madero and Suarez was submitted to the legislature after all the loyal Maderistas in that august body had been imprisoned. Many claim that the resignation was a forgery. If genuine, the signatures to it were obtained under conditions which absolutely invalidate a signature under the Mexican law. The legislators, bribed and cowed, raised no question, but accepted it. Lascurain, Minister of Foreign Affairs, assumed the presidency, appointed Huerta to the Ministry, and at once resigned himself, Huerta becoming the Provisional President.

Meanwhile, news had been conveyed to Felix Diaz by Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, and after some slight hesitation as to whether or not Huerta was to be trusted by any man, Diaz transferred himself to the national palace, where an interesting consultation took place between Huerta, Diaz and Henry Lane Wilson. Wilson then telegraphed the American State Department urging recognition of Huerta, in the face of the brutal murder of Gustavo Madero, Adolfo Bassó and others.

The city was under a reign of terror. Arrests occurred on all sides. Rurales rode through the streets calling upon the citizens to cheer for Diaz and Huerta. Marcos Hernandez, brother of Rafael Hernandez, Minister of the Interior, surrounded on the street by rurales and commanded so to cheer, answered "Viva Madero!" and was shot down. Cannon frowned over the city. Diaz announced that there would be an election very shortly in which he would be a candidate; but that if he were not elected he would seize the presidency by force.

There are gruesome stories told of the ultimate fate of Madero—stories that he was even tortured in prison to obtain his resignation, which some contend he never signed; which others say that he did sign, and intrusted it to Lascurain, to be presented only when he, with Pino Suarez and his Ministers, should be on board a foreign warship in Vera Cruz: stories that he was mur-

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dered, with Pino Suarez, and only their dead bodies carried out in the automobiles which were to have transferred them (for their greater comfort, Huerta and Wilson said) to the penitentiary. This story would seem to be refuted by the account of an eye-witness, who claims to have seen Madero and Suarez as they entered the automobiles, and to have heard Madero say to Suarez as they separated: "Comrade, this is the end." The same eye-witness tells of following the automobiles on foot, arriving at the penitentiary just after the shooting, and seeing the dead bodies of the two prisoners carried past him, covered with blood, and Madero, who was shot in the head, unrecognizable except for his beard.

Whatever the truth, whether they were alive or dead when they were put into those automobiles, Francisco Madero and José Pino Suarez were murdered, and in the eyes of the world their murderers cannot escape the responsibility of their crimes. The official account of the matter cannot clear them. It was so lame that it was told and retold, with alterations and repairs which did not help it to stand any straighter, until the attempt to make it pass was finally abandoned.

According to this official version, the escort conducting the President and Vice-President to the penitentiary was attacked by Maderistas, who, oddly enough, injured none of the rurales surrounding the automobiles, but riddled with bullets the men they were trying to rescue. There was the further curious circumstance that, although the rurales supposedly returned the Maderista fire, none of the assailants were killed or hurt. The exclusive killing of the two prisoners looking a trifle suspicious, it was presently stated that five of the assailants had also been killed, but the corresponding five corpses never materialized. The scene of the attack was shifted from midway between the palace and the penitentiary to the rear of the penitentiary, to conform to the stories of people who had heard firing and seen the commotion at the latter point. After a few other trifling changes had been made in the official version, Henry Lane Wilson telegraphed the American State Department that he believed it, and advised that it be accepted.

One City of Mexico newspaper boldly declared that Ma-

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dero and Pino Suarez had been assassinated without even the pretence of a sham attack. The next day the editor was imprisoned and the presses confiscated. Afterwards Huerta pointed to the attitude of the press (already subsidized almost in its entirety) as an indication of the popularity and stability of his Government.

A "rigorous investigation" of the death of the two statesmen was instituted, as a result of which Cardenas, the man who arrived at the penitentiary with only the dead bodies of his prisoners and a none too substantial story of how it happened, has been promoted. The army surgeon who performed the autopsy on the bodies of Madero and Suarez has also been promoted. Why? It has been said that the bullets which entered Madero's head were fired from so close beside him that his hair was burned; that Pino Suarez was strangled. What was the ghastly secret that autopsy was to conceal?

Meanwhile, what of the country in this crisis? In the awful surprise of the treason of Huerta, the bulk of its fighting men forming the volunteer element of that very federal army which Huerta commanded, Mexico was stunned. With the murder of Madero came the reaction. Even in the streets of Mexico City itself, trembling under the guns of Huerta and Diaz and terrorized by the awful butcheries and the arrest of scores, crowds gathered to tell and retell of that murder. People wept. They placed stones to mark the places where Madero and Suarez fell, and lit candles upon them. Bareheaded peons gathered at the door of the penitentiary, and when the coffin of their President was borne forth they cried "Viva Madero!"—to be dispersed with bayonets by the soldiers; but that pitiful little cry, uttered over his coffin, in the faces of his executioners, was worth more than all the loud acclaim that rang from the housetops of Mexico City for the victor of 1911.

And in the procession arranged by Felix Diaz to celebrate the return of peace (rather prematurely, it seems), cries of "Viva Madero!" were heard above the music and the other shouts. The group responsible was fired upon, and six men shot down right in the midst of the celebrants.

Outside the capital the country was aflame. Coahuila, Ma-

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dero's native State, had already repudiated the usurpers and put an army in the field under its constitutional Governor, Venustiano Carranza. Sonora had already seceded. Now Sinaloa, Tepic, Lower California and Nuevo Leon were involved; indeed, the whole north, for Chihuahua was comparatively quiet only because, as the theatre of the Orozco revolution, it was full of federals. Abraham Gonzalez, the constitutional Governor of that State, and the only one it ever had, was arrested on a charge which was never proved, and killed on the way to Mexico City—"while trying to escape," one officer said; but this sounded crude, and a statement was issued to the effect that Gonzalez fell under the wheels of the train which was conveying him to the capital.

Something similar was the fate of Felipe Riveros, the Maderista Governor of Sinaloa, who, if reports are true, while being conveyed on shipboard from Mazatlan to Manzanillo for trial in Mexico City on a charge of sedition, "fell overboard" and was drowned. Perhaps most horrible of all was the murder of young Gabriel Hernandez, one of the real heroes of the Madero revolution—a murder perpetrated in a fit of drunkenness by Enrique Cepeda, a nephew of Huerta, occupying no less honorable a position than that of Governor of the Federal District.

In the South rose Yucatan, Pino Suarez's State, and Vera Cruz. Campeche seceded. In the interior Tlaxcala and Aguascalientes defied the usurpers. The Maderista peon and labor union volunteers in the army put up placards denouncing Huerta and proclaiming that the army had betrayed the republic. They mutinied; they deserted; many succeeded in joining the Constitutionalists; hundreds of others were butchered. When the censorship closed down, fourteen States out of twenty-seven were in open revolt, and all Mexico was seething. We may judge of the reliability of dispatches coming from Mexico since then by the fact that dispatches from the City of Mexico represent Carranza as surrendering and suing for peace on his knees, while telegrams direct from the Coahuila border have shown him still fighting—and gaining ground. We learn more or less what happens in the north; but behind the veil of the official

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censorship we catch only a glimpse now and then of events in the interior and the south. The Mexican Government owns the telegraph system, and therefore whoever has possession of the Government has entire control of news both entering and leaving the country.

This, then, is the peace of Felix Diaz: a civil war embracing all Mexico; a civil war which no amount of terrorism and bloodshed can ever stay, or do more at the very utmost than postpone for a little while. The only thing that gives Felix Diaz and Huerta any strength at all is the fact that under them the old Cientifico political and military machine, its ramifications extending all over the country, has sprung together again. But that machine could not stand before—cannot stand now—for now it is in very truth the people of Mexico rising by thousands, as they never rose for Orozco or Zapata—as they rose, indeed, only for Madero in 1910.

For all that has been said and written of the decline of Madero's popularity, it was not the people of Mexico in their entirety, as was pretended, nor in their majority, who turned against him and brought about his fall. Treachery alone established his enemies, for the popular support was his. The real working-men of Mexico worshipped him to the last, as did the better element of the peons; and if perhaps for a moment a few of the honest may have wavered, not comprehending his difficulties, they know now that he was true to them, and that he was murdered because he would not betray them; that he died, fighting for them to the last against the forces of despotism, from which he tried in vain to rescue them. In the fifteen months of his incumbency he could not accomplish the miracle of lifting the ignorant masses of Mexico, in part vicious and criminal, though through no fault of their own, into the Utopia which his enemies claimed that he had promised the people, but which, Utopian dreamer though they stigmatized him, he never had. Study of his Administration, however, shows that he did everything humanly possible in that short time to establish a democracy, to better the conditions of the working-men, to extend the educational system, and to break up the enormous land holdings; and that if he failed it was because at every turn he

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was beset by the machinations of an enemy which disdained no treachery, no intrigue, no falsehood, no fraud or force to arrest his efforts, discredit him, and finally murder him. Such mistakes as he made were those of a man too generous himself to suspect treason and ingratitude in others.

The position of Orozco in this crisis sets at rest any question as to which side he was fighting for. His union with Huerta and Diaz on the plea of being quite convinced that they will hold an honest election and carry out those popular reforms which he was so patriotic about when Madero was really trying to carry them out, removes whatever shadow of doubt might have existed. The Cientificos to carry out Madero's reforms! Orozco might better confess his duplicity at once than try to shield it by feigning to believe such an absurdity.

Rojas, Salazar, Cheche Campos, and the other leaders of the Orozquista faction are imitating their leader and barefacedly joining forces with what, if it prevails, will be the most frightful despotism Mexico has known, more shamefully established than any in her history. The Orozco patriots, however, being in the pay of the same element behind Diaz and Huerta, are but joining their own and receiving their final rewards in the way of divers governorships, etc. That their men will be unanimous in following them is to be doubted; as witness the conduct of some of Cheche Campo's men, who, when ordered by him to incorporate with the Huerta forces, fired upon him and his officers, and betook themselves to the Constitutionalists. What few honest men there were among the Orozquistas, misled in their ignorance to believe that Madero was deceiving them and had allied himself with the Cientificos, see now who the real allies of the Cientificos were, and the trap into which those allies led them.

The "pacification" of the Orozco leaders, therefore, means nothing in the way of peace to the country. The spurious and reactionary Orozco revolution will simply be replaced by a real one. As a matter of fact there could not possibly be a union between the Orozquista leaders of yesterday and the Constitutionalists of to-day. The Constitutionalists know that Orozco and his fellows are part of the conspiracy against the Progres-

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sive Administration; they sapped its strength and its resources until the way was clear for the military revolt of Diaz and the treason of Huerta finally to accomplish its overthrow.

By that conspiracy, availing themselves of the absolute ignorance and extreme poverty, and the consequent vice of a large portion of the masses—ills for which thirty years of peace under Porfirio Diaz offered no remedy—the Dictatorship and the Cientifico-Wall Street alliance have returned to power, under a new Diaz—for Huerta is but a convenient tool to clean up the dirty work and be made the scapegoat in favor of Diaz in due time: a new Diaz, as ruthless as his uncle, infinitely more corrupt, and without one spark of his uncle's genius to relieve the evils of the system for which he stands. The revolution of 1910 is lost, its victory betrayed, its heroes sacrificed in vain—unless the Mexican nation can redeem it.

There will never be real or stable peace in Mexico while either Huerta or Diaz rules. The country hungers for peace, it is true, but the peace of a Diaz cannot allure her—she has tasted it to the dregs. It will be war to the death, war without quarter. The Cientifico forces have shown and will show no humanity, and we can hardly expect the Constitutionalists to be the same generous Maderistas they were in 1911, after seeing their generosity so shamefully repaid. Though many of them will never dishonor themselves with the enemies' methods of warfare, others may descend to savage retaliations; but in no case can they cease to be just. They are not rebels—the rebels are enthroned to-day in the national palace. The men whom Huerta calls rebels are the defenders of the Constitution of Mexico, fought for through thirty years of civil war, and written in the very heart's blood of the martyrs of the *Reforma.* They are the defenders of the Republic which Huerta, Diaz and Orozco have betrayed.

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ARE THE JAPANESE UNFRIENDLY?

HAROLD C. RIDGELY

FOR centuries the Japanese Government has steadfastly refused to permit foreigners to own land in its territory, and yet when one of our States makes a law even slightly restricting alien ownership, strong and repeated protests are made at Washington. The Japanese do not want to fight, they say. Certainly not; they want to secure land without fighting. They are crowded on a large island having an area less that that of many a single State in this country, and have a population about half as large as ours; whence the need for expansion.

The method pursued by the Japanese in their purchase of lands is usually the indirect one, by means of agents. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Anderson buy adjoining farms, and it is not until later that Mr. Hashihashi is found to be the real owner. Then the rents are raised, or the occupants are requested to move and are supplanted by a yellow man's colony. Where Mr. Hashihashi obtains his funds is uncertain, but it is a well-known fact that his Government does not hesitate to enter upon a good business venture.

Such was the method pursued in the case of Korea. First, a small colony secured a foothold, then another and another, much larger. The profound friendship and affection which the Japanese bore towards the Koreans were widely proclaimed and advertised. The native inhabitants were lulled into a state of somnolence. Gradually arms were smuggled into the country, and too late Korea awoke to the fact that the Japanese colonies were a body of trained soldiers, an army of invasion.

The Japanese do not want the Hawaiian Islands, they say. They already have them; they have overrun the islands. It is a crime against civilization to let more get in there. The position is the most strategic in the Pacific, and Pearl Harbor is the best harbor. There is none like it within a two thousand mile radius. These islands should be owned, controlled and peopled by citizens of the United States. We should be justified in excluding the Japanese from our territory as we have the Chi-

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nese, and as Japan has excluded us from the ownership of lands within her dominions.

Carefully inserted in the treaty which Japan has with us, is a section making the sons of Nippon ineligible to citizenship in the United States. The Government of Japan does not wish to lose citizens; it desires to maintain colonies in foreign countries and to draft soldiers from them when needed. Thus we are, to all intents and purposes, supporting a portion of the Japanese army, and by no means a small portion, for every Japanese is a trained soldier. Such a relationship between two countries is, to say the least, undesirable.

Within the last year, envoys have been sent by Japan to the several Powers of Europe to ascertain their probable attitude in the event of a Japanese-American war. European diplomats, however, have never been noted for long and wearisome conversations respecting their future plans and intentions, and the information obtained was probably not of a very satisfactory nature. Replies to interrogations are said to have lacked that explicitness so dear to the hearts of the Japanese.

Regarding intermarriage and the assimilation of the races, we are accused of prejudice and of assuming a conceited attitude of superiority. We are told that something besides the color of the skin should be considered in determining the standing of the races and their relationship. No doubt various individuals of both races have, to a pardonable extent, a certain race pride, but it is hardly a determining factor, and is not the question at issue. The yellow canary and the white pigeon do not mate together. Is it race prejudice? Some may claim that these birds should consider something besides the color of the plumage. Perhaps they do: they have different habits, eat different food, fly differently, and live in different nests. It might be difficult to say which is the superior bird. Perhaps we should divide honors and say that the pigeon cooes better and that the canary sings more sweetly. "Birds of a feather flock together," and we cannot hope to alter the matter. We need not waste words over the question of race superiority.

The Japanese spy system has been used here to an extent that would not be tolerated elsewhere. There have been spy

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servants on our battleships, and wherever our ships go they are carefully studied and photographed. A few months ago, four Japanese naval officers visited our navy yards, and were shown our methods of defence and offence. Should any of our officers return the visit, they would be shown as little as possible. Japanese spies are even in our shipyards, engaged on the construction of our own battleships.

We have done our share in teaching the Japanese the art of modern warfare, even to the extent of educating some of their naval officers at the United States Naval Academy. Are we wise to teach an art that may be used against us? Are we wise to educate foreigners at West Point, as is being done at present?

Wherever a revolution is contemplated or in progress, there can be seen our yellow friends, busily seeking an advantageous opportunity to apply their newly learned art of war. They have aided the rebels in the south of China; they have intrigued with the various political parties in Mexico to secure possessions, contrary to our Monroe doctrine; they have furnished arms to the warring tribesmen of the Philippine Islands.

The Japanese are increasing their holdings of lands within this country, and already the amount is considerable. They own or lease within the State of California alone over 190,000 acres. In one State, they have purchased all the available lands surrounding a powder plant, "to raise strawberries for the American markets." If those berries do not make our mouths water, they at least afford food for reflection.

Expenditures for the Japanese army and navy have been increased out of all proportion to the size of the nation. Money has been poured out like water, and more has been borrowed. What is the meaning of this gigantic, warlike preparation? Is Japan anticipating friction with some foreign power, and if so, which?

Russia was caught off guard and defeated; Korea was unprepared and vanquished; China was forced to give up valuable territory because Japan wished to increase her possessions. Are the Japanese unfriendly towards us? Perhaps not, but it is always wise to maintain an efficient navy.

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THE SETTLEMENT IN THE BALKANS

ROLAND G. USHER

THERE was from the first little doubt that the Treaty of London would not bring peace in the Balkans. The very extent of the territory in the hands of Bulgaria, the decisive advantage accruing to the Triple Entente from the formation of the Balkan Confederation, independent of both European coalitions, made it impossible for the rest of the Balkan states and, above all, for the Triple Alliance, to accept the *status quo* of March, 1913, as even the basis of a settlement. In the treaty no adjustment was made of the relations of the Balkan states to each other, of their relations to the European Powers, individually and collectively,—issues of paramount importance—while the organization and future status of Albania, the inevitable reorganization of Turkey, the status of German interests in Asia Minor, the amount and, indeed, the granting of the money indemnity which the Balkan states demanded from Turkey, were either ignored or left for future action. Indeed, the Treaty of London was calmly based on the notably false supposition that the only difficulties needing adjustment were those between the new Confederation and Turkey. And none knew this fact better than its makers. Only the general public seem really to have believed that peace was insured.

In fact, the results of the war between the Confederation and Turkey were themselves the direct causes of a civil war between the members of the Confederation. The successful conclusion of the negotiations, which definitely put the Confederation into the field and began the war with Turkey, had been made possible only by an exchange of promises, as binding as could be framed, as to the division of the spoils and as to the future governmental relations of the allied states. Nowhere was the realization of the complexity of the situation keener than in the Balkans; nowhere were statesmen as conscious that the war was no mere religious crusade for the rescue of Macedonian Christians from the clutch of the Infidel, no mere stage play for the advantage of European coalitions. The issues were

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racial and national as well as religious and international, and far more concerned the formation of states strong enough to preserve their independence of each other and able to further the racial and national ambitions already cherished for centuries, than the creation of a Confederation which should become a factor in European affairs or even than the driving of the Turk from Europe. The conquest of Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania was an essential part of the new national schemes; support from the Triple Entente absolutely indispensable to protect the new states against the ambitions of Habsburg and Hohenzollern. It has been difficult for us to visualize the situation from the angle of the Balkan statesmen and to realize their passionate determination to achieve their own ends at whatever cost to the Turk or to Europe. Servia and Montenegro meant to have Albania and part of Macedonia; Greece wanted Crete, Saloniki, and much of Macedonia; Bulgaria coveted the rest of Macedonia and as much of Thrace as could be obtained. Even the new boundary lines were drawn.

The unexpected success of the war promptly invalidated all these agreements by the simple logic of facts. Europe interfered and took from Servia and Montenegro most of their allotted share of the spoils, insisting upon the creation of an "independent" Albania, whose virtual domination by Austria and Italy was scarcely concealed by the transparent fiction of international status. To both Servia and Montenegro nothing could be worse than this except actual annexation by Austria. Then, the solid advantages accruing to the Triple Entente by the practical destruction of European Turkey led England, France, and Russia to insist upon concessions in the East by Germany, Austria, and Italy. In return for concessions in Albania, the boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey was drawn from Enos to Midia, thus throwing into the former's hands all the roads and mountain defiles, and the strategic defences of Constantinople—an unexpectedly large and important accession of territory and population. Bulgaria actually held so much more territory than any of her allies could hope to get that she threatened to overshadow them and even to endanger their independence. The fortunes of war plus the interests of the

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European coalitions had literally invalidated every feature of the previous arrangements intended to insure the essential equality of the Balkan states in area, population, and influence. With Bulgaria so much larger than anticipated, Servia and Montenegro shorn of nearly all possible accessions, and Bulgaria claiming sovereignty over the Greek population of Macedonia and the possession of Saloniki, the situation was unbearable. Nor could Roumania look upon the added strength and prestige of Bulgaria with anything but distrust or regard her own exposed southern boundary as any security against aggression. To the Bulgarians, however, intoxicated by victory, all seemed possible. Was it conceivable that the men who had beaten the Turks and astonished Europe should fail in battle against men whom the Turks had disgracefully beaten? The actual fulfilment of all Bulgaria's ambitions seemed more than possible and her statesmen rejected with scorn the insistence of Greece and Servia upon the letter of the previous treaties.

Here was a situation much to the liking of the Triple Alliance. Whether the result of chance or intention, the Turko-Balkan War had resulted in a dramatic repulse of the schemes for the creation of a Confederation in the Balkans in close alliance with Germany and Austria, which should control the roads to Constantinople and the East and insure the Germans easy access to Asia Minor and the Baghdad Railway. An independent league of states, even if not at all connected with the Triple Entente, would effectually cut communications with the Baghdad Railway and become a stumbling block in the execution of the German plans for the reorganization of Turkey and the development of Asia Minor. But when the Triple Entente hastened to support the new Confederation and was apparently on most amicable terms with its members, it seemed as if the Pan-Germanic schemes had been decisively defeated and that all was lost. Nor was it clear in Berlin and Vienna how the loss was to be retrieved.

The results of the war itself, however, soon made clear a method by which defeat might be turned into victory. Chance had put into the hands of Bulgaria the very territory of most consequence for the control by Germany and Austria of the

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transcontinental highways to the East and she was more than anxious to keep it. She claimed nearly the whole of Macedonia and Thrace on the plausible ground of racial affinity between the population and her own, and not only seemed able to make good her claim, but likely to have the support of the people. The size of her army, its advantageous position for an assault on her allies, the ease with which the Servians could be rendered impotent by an Austrian feint in their rear, all suggested the potency of an alliance between the enlarged Bulgaria and the Triple Alliance as a method of giving both an unrivalled opportunity to obtain their share of the "land under the sun." Bulgaria would dominate the Balkans, and, allied to Austria and Germany, be protected from assault from Russia or Roumania, and would thus keep open the roads to the East on which so much depended. Such an alliance between Bulgaria and Austria (at least) was agreed upon and the Bulgarian army took the field in an endeavor to separate the Greeks and the Servians and crush them singly.

The decisive defeat of Bulgaria was as astonishing as her first victories, and was due to the union of the other Balkan states against her. Her sudden attack promptly proved to her allies that she was determined to dominate them, if not to conquer them, and their rage knew no bounds when the attitude of Austria convinced them that Bulgaria had committed treason to them and allied herself with their deadliest enemy to gain support for her own designs. Yet, despite the first successes of the Greeks and Servians, the campaign was by no means lost and the Bulgarians were preparing a movement in which they expected to sweep all before them, when Roumania and Turkey joined their foes. The Greeks and Servians had already driven them out of Macedonia; Adrianople and the whole of Thrace were recaptured; northern Bulgaria fell into the hands of the Roumanians without a blow; and a large Roumanian army of fresh troops appeared within striking distance of Sofia, while the Turks entered Bulgaria from the south-east. Surrounded on all sides, her army exhausted by heavy fighting, decimated by unusual losses, her population on the verge of revolt from conscription and requisitions of food, there was no alternative but

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surrender. While the new treaty of peace still leaves undecided great and thorny questions, it settles finally everything relating to Bulgaria. A large slice of land in the north goes to Roumania; nearly all of Macedonia to Servia and Greece; and it seems likely that a strip of territory along the southern boundary will be Bulgaria's only accession. Whatever happens she will be reduced to equality with her hitherto smaller neighbors.

In its effect upon the international situation, the result is again defeat for the Triple Alliance and victory for the Triple Entente. Once more the attempt to secure decisive control of the Balkans and the trade routes has failed. At the same time, the civil war has certainly robbed the Triple Entente of the very solid position which it occupied in January. Then the maintenance of the Balkan Confederation either as an independent state or as an ally of the Triple Entente seemed fairly certain and the only question under discussion was the extent to which Turkey could be weakened and the permanence of victory assured. Since the outbreak of the civil war, the Confederation has been broken and probably beyond repair, for Bulgaria's treachery will not be soon forgotten nor will she forget the humiliation of conquest. The balance of power has been restored in the Balkans. In all probability, the new alignment (secret if not avowed) will be Roumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Turkey, and the Triple Alliance; Greece, Servia, Montenegro, and the Triple Entente. The latter must cling to the Triple Entente because their natural foe is Austria, whose ambitions their existence thwarts and with whom they dare not ally. Their independence can be insured only by Russian support. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, on the other hand, are much more afraid of Russia (Pan-Slavic propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding) than of Austria, and are so necessary to the fulfilment of the Pan-Germanic schemes that they feel reasonably sure of being able to exact independence as a price of support. The recent atrocities, which seem to have been impartially committed by all the combatants, have accentuated racial and national hatreds so that any organic governmental union between these states seems at the present writing to be hopeless. Still, a return to the formal terms of the earlier agreement may

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not improbably be part of the terms exacted from Bulgaria. Unquestionably, this is a victory for the Triple Alliance and a defeat for the Triple Entente.

The indirect results of the second war clearly favor Germany, Austria, and Italy. The exhaustion of the Balkan states in men and resources is now so great that they can hardly be formidable foes or very powerful allies until a generation has elapsed. In January, 1913, they were strong enough in men and resources, especially when backed by the coffers of England and France, to have interposed a very real barrier in the way of Austrian and German expansion—too powerful to be attacked without so weakening the forces of the Alliance in Europe as to court disaster at home. But the battles and massacres, the requisitions and plundering of the civil war have robbed them of the strength which made them formidable. Austria and Turkey have nothing to fear from them and the Triple Entente little to gain from their coöperation. If the civil war was instigated by Austria (as is now claimed) it has turned out to be an unconscious (?) stroke of genius, for it has robbed the Triple Entente of any real fruits of the first victory. Conversely, it has deprived the Balkan states of the power which made them seem a year ago such admirable allies for the Triple Alliance; but it has made them even more desirable victims. For the Balkan peoples, the Triple Alliance cares little; for the strategic points their countries control, it cares everything.

In another matter, the civil war has filched from the English and French valuable privileges. English and French capitalists had promised themselves the profits of the economic regeneration of the Balkans. Even if peaceful penetration was not possible, the development of the agricultural and mineral resources merely as a commercial venture would be distinctly worth while. Now, in all probability, German and Austrian capitalists will secure the "right" to "develop" the richest sections in the valley of the Danube, while the reëstablishment of direct connection between Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, and Asia Minor will enable them to flood south-eastern Europe and western Asia with goods "made in Germany."

A further indirect influence of the civil war is not without

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interest and may conceivably possess importance. On the whole, Christendom cheered the Balkan nations in their attack upon the Infidel, and, because they were Christians, accorded them a degree of sympathy quite undeserved and invested them with qualities, racial, moral, political, military, entirely non-existent. The Western world looked at those "brave little peoples" through the natural haze of religious feeling and recked little of the facts as observers reported them. The second war, with its bloody battles, its unconscionable massacres, and fiendish cruelties, was needed to make clear to Europe and America the real condition of the Balkan peoples. At last, the man in the street knows what observers have always known—that the Balkan peoples are still living in the eleventh century A. D., and that there is a good deal to be said in the Turk's favor.

The fact that this settlement literally contains substantial gains for everybody except Turkey, even though some may not have obtained all they hoped for, and yet does not accord any one too decided an advantage, gives reason to hope that some time will elapse before a determined attempt will be made by anyone to disregard it or upset it. Compared with the situation of a year ago, all of the Balkan states have gained substantial amounts of long-coveted territory, and have achieved much in national solidarity, in military experience, and in an acquaintance and coöperation with each other which can hardly fail to close in part the great gaps which have sundered them in the past. Even the recent atrocities can scarcely have stirred the passions of men as much as the recent coöperation and comradeship have their imaginations. Murder and bloodshed have been too common, friendship and brotherly kindness too unusual, for the latter not to have left the deeper marks. Above all, they have achieved gloriously together; they have beaten back the Infidel, rescued Macedonia, Albania, and most of Thrace, territory which the Turk had held for at least four hundred years. Certainly, the last year has seen great changes in the Balkans and gives promise of better to come.

The Triple Entente has distinctly benefited by the dismemberment of Turkey, by the decimation of the Turkish army, and the disorganization of the civil administration. Turkey is much

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less valuable to Germany than she was. The important strategic points which she hitherto controlled have fallen into the hands of peoples who are either willing to ally with some member of the Entente or are naturally hostile to Austria or Germany and must be managed and paid a price. On the other hand, the Triple Alliance is also better off than it was a year ago and immeasurably better off than it was six months ago. If Turkey is weaker, she is less capable of rejecting German guidance and more dependent upon financial support. She is a worse weapon, but a better tool. If the Balkan states are all larger in territory, they are all weaker in men and resources, and those states most necessary to Germany and Austria are turning to them for political and financial aid and seem more likely than ever before to be amenable to "reason." In particular, Albania has been made an independent principality, as Austria has long schemed to make it, and on terms which make Austrian or Italian predominance almost a certainty. Moreover, Austria had the solid satisfaction of extorting these terms from the Triple Entente at a moment when the general situation in Europe was highly unfavorable to her and her allies.

Turkey has paid the bill.* Her existence as an independent state seems more precarious than ever, for the powerful interests which kept her in existence have shifted their ground and have somewhat altered their ambitions. The late war has proved that a strong Turkish state in Europe is no longer essential to international peace. Indeed, the religious revolt in Arabia against the Sultan's headship of the Mohammedan faith is reported to have the backing of some of the great Powers. War in the Balkans is for the nonce over; but the European situation is, if anything, changed for the worse. Both coalitions are more favorably placed than before for an actual clash of arms and they are now convinced that some of their fears, which restrained them in the past, were without foundation.

* But Adrianople is a valuable discount.—Editor.

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A DREAM OF CALLINAN

F. M. REYHER

"Callinan was a man that would go out of his own back-door, and make a poem about the four quarters of the earth." [*The Old Woman from Craughwell; Lady Gregory: Poets and Dreamers; Raftery.*]

CALLINAN had travelled the roads of all the world. He had sat on the side where the sun was warm and told strange stories of strange folk to the children. The time the spring wind was carrying the breath of the daisies from the white hillsides, he would stretch himself out beneath a bush and recount the glories of Ireland in the old days, and tell about Fergus and Oisin, and the other Fenians. When the mists were crawling up from the bogs, and the praties were rotting with the touch of the mists, he crept under a stone at the end of a glen, and told the tale of the Countess Cathleen. One fine day he made a long poem about all these things. It was a great poem. Then he made a little poem about the fairies, and sang it at night near the hills of Knocknarea, the time the moon was shining, full and white. It tickled the wee folks mightily that a grand poet like Callinan, who had made a big poem about the glory of Ireland in the old days, and the Fenians, and the Countess Cathleen, should be singing a pretty song to them. And as he sat there singing his song of the fairies, and dreaming about the silver mansions of the moon, who but Maeve herself should be stepping up, and didn't she say pleasantly to him:

"Good evening, poet Callinan."

Callinan got up, he knowing at once it was Maeve, and bowed and said politely:

"Good evening to yourself, Queen Maeve."

Then she said to him: "It's a fine poet you are, Callinan, surely, and I'm pleased with you, the way I've a mind to be rewarding you. So now, choose any three things you want, and I'm giving you my word you'll get them."

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Callinan sat down on the ground and began to think. He looked up at the moon and began to dream again about the silver mansions there, the way he near forgot the Queen if she hadn't rapped him on the knees with her wand. Then he began to think of the sea which he used to watch from the high cliffs. Then he thought of the flowering heather, and the long roads; and about the warm sun at the cross-roads of the world, and the children and people that would be passing, and eager to hear his words. He thought about the breath of the daisies that comes from the white hillsides the time the sap is running fresh; and about the things you can hear if you listen to the rain and to the wind and to the trees. And he clean forgot all about Maeve again, so lost in his thinking and dreaming he was.

Now she was getting impatient, after offering him three wishes to be kept waiting like that, and in stillness, with never a decent bit of talk passing between them. Besides she was thinking of the good time she was missing with the rushing host that was now far off, and it at some wild sport you may be sure.

So she rapped him on the knees, and said real sharp like: "Well, Callinan, isn't it able you are to be making up your mind at all about three things you're wanting more than anything else in the world?"

Then he looks up at her wondering, and he sweeps his arm round him, and says: "It's many things I've got already, Queen Maeve. It's a true, kind gentlewoman, that you are, Queen, to be bothering yourself about a wandering poet, and I thank you for your offer, but I'll be so bold as to refuse it."

You see, Callinan had the best gift of them all already—the gift of wisdom.

But Maeve was provoked; she having come all that way and been kept waiting so long after having offered him a fine present, only to be refused. Oh, she was provoked! It's that fickle the good people are; and just a bit before she was so pleased with him, too.

"Och! pest on ye, ye idiot!" she shouts at him, stamping her little foot on the ground, and rapping him severe with her wand. "You've no gumption at all, at all!"

Rap, rap, rap, went her wand on poor Callinan's legs; and

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she dancing round him, working herself up into a pretty tantrum.

"You won't take what I offer you, won't you?—Well then, I'll take from you the three things you're loving best of all things in the world."

And with that she took from him the three things he loved best in all the world: the love of wandering, the joy of many people listening to him, and the hope of death. Then she went away, and left Callinan sitting on the ground, heavy with sorrow.

He got up after a bit, for he felt a sudden desire to get right home and not be walking aimless about; and he started out dazed and sad for his small cottage. When he got home, he went out into his tiny back-yard, that was so small you could hit every corner of it from the door with a good pole. Life was empty as a dry well to him now, with the joy of talking to his friends gone, and no desire to be on the roads, and the hope of death taken out of his heart. He sat down in the doorway, and put his face in his hands, sorrowful beyond words.

He sat there a long time brooding, finally one hand fell down between his knees, and he let it run through the sand and pebbles. Without thinking he moved his hand up and down, and the warm dirt trickled through his fingers. After a while he looked at the bright, thin stream curiously. He held some of the sand and a pebble in his palm. Well, that was funny! He had never known sand-grains to be so different; and that pebble was an interesting thing now.

Sand and pebbles had been nothing but the feel of the road under his feet to him, hard or soft, sticky or loose, and he walking on over them with his high dreams. He had never really looked at sand and pebbles. Now he held only a few bits of the stuff in his hand, but there was so much he couldn't see it rightly all at once. So he threw it all down but the pebble, the way he could get a look at that. What a drift of strange marks it had! He peered at it long, but each mark meant so much it distracted him entirely to make out the whole meaning of it; for there was a meaning there he saw, the same as if it had been

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down in writing. Then he dropped the pebble, and carefully got one grain of sand on his palm, so he might start with something small. But the moment he began looking close at it and studying it, it grew big, till it was so big, the world itself couldn't be any bigger.

He had started looking at the sand and pebble in the morning; suddenly, the way he hadn't noticed it at all for its quickness, the night was on him and the stars over him, and it seemed he had not looked at the grain of sand any time at all: with the heavy thinking and long staring it seemed he could see it yet, for all the darkness.

Then he looked at the stars, the way he thought they were grains of sand, and some grand, dark poet was treading them underfoot on the roads of heaven, the way he couldn't see them or their beauty at all; just as he, Callinan, had trod on the stars of sand on the roads of the world, and not seen them or known their beauty till the love of wandering had been taken from him. And he thought how he was a worm under heaven looking up, and seeing the stars; and then he thought of the worms under the earth, seeing the sand-grains, and he thought they must have souls, too.

And then Callinan went in, and lay down on his bed contented, and it was the first day of his loss of the three things he had loved best in all the world: the love of wandering, the joy of many people listening to him, and the hope of death. In the morning it had seemed the night could never come; everything had been taken out of the hours, and they wouldn't be moving along, but resting heavy on him forever.

The next morning he rose early, and after a bite to eat, went out into his back-yard, and took up another grain. It was wonderful surely to be seeing how different it was from the one he had noticed the day before. So all day he sat there studying it, the way it might have been a book. And so the days began to run on, and he sitting there quiet like, studying the wonders he kept finding round his step. Fifteen years he sat there and he hadn't begun to see all the strange things and read all the strange writings on the sand and pebbles, and bits of sticks, and other things he came across.

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He sat so still and quiet the young people would be poking fun at him, and they passing by his yard.

"Now would you be looking at Callinan," they'd say, "him that was ever having the great pleasure walking and talking, sitting there playing with stones like a gossoon, and as quiet as a stone itself? Where's your fine speech and elegant words now, Callinan, Callinan?"

But he'd not even look up, but only mutter, "It's the young must be always chattering, but the old have the wisdom of silence. It's the young feel the strength of their youth, the way they think they can send their bodies over the roads of the world, but the old send their spirits over the wide roads of the dreams."

Now all these many years Maeve was watching him, and she wasn't pleased at all to see Callinan sitting there peaceful and contented, and not at all fretted; no, not even as worried as before she took from him the three things he loved best in the world. Besides, some of the other fairies that were jealous of her were having little, sly laughs behind her back, for all that she was the Queen, because she couldn't get the best of Callinan, and she didn't like that at all; in fact, she was getting madder and madder. So she thought it over and one day she came and gave Callinan back the love of wandering. He never thanked her at all, but because the desire of wandering was in his heart again he moved right over to where three ragged dandelions were shaking in one corner. Underneath them was the largest stone in Callinan's yard. In these foreign parts he stayed a long time and found a power of new, strange things.

Maeve was nigh perished with anger to see him still so happy. So she gave him back the joy of many people to talk to. Now when the people came round he spoke to them, and he would sit staring down at a bit of mud or stick or something, while he told strange stories of wanderings on the roads of the world, and made grand poems of the same; and told them great, fine, true things about the big world outside, the way he showed he knew it better than anyone else, till the old women said:

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"Callinan is a man that can go out of his own back-door, and make a poem about the four quarters of the earth."

Then the disappointed fairy was destroyed entirely with anger, and gave him back his hope of death. He died in foreign parts, beside the three ragged dandelions that leaned over the biggest stone; and he had not visited nearly all of his yard. As he looked up at the stars for the last time, he thought to himself how little he really knew of it; and he thought how soon he'd be a poet walking the roads of heaven, treading on the sands of stars. But he said to himself:

"I'll be noticing the stars under my feet, and not just crushing them down and never taking a bit of a glance at them, the way people are walking the roads of the world, and they never seeing the fine things at their feet at all."

Then he thought again how little he knew of his yard, and how big it was truly. Every day it changed like a magic thing; no two days alike; every season made it different; every year turned it clean round. How little he knew of it, truly.

He wondered if heaven changed from day to day, and if no two stars up there were the same.

PRITHEE, STRIVE NOT

HARRY KEMP

PRITHEE! Strive not to remember
Ancient Love burnt-out and dead;
Waste not breath on blackened ember—
Ash will ne'er again give red.

Lift the latch—another lover
Waits upon thy kiss without . . .
All the old things have gone over
That the heart went mad about!

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ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

II

Walking Through Missouri

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1912. In a hotel bedroom in Laddonia, Missouri. I occupy this room without charge.

Through the mercy of the gateman I crossed the Hannibal toll-bridge without paying fare, and the more enjoyed the pearly Mississippi in the evening twilight. Walking south of Hannibal next morning, Sunday, I was irresistibly reminded of Kentucky. It was the first real "pike" of my journey,—solid gravel, and everyone was exercising his racing pony in his racing cart, and giving me a ride down lovely avenues of trees. Here, as in dozens of other interesting "lifts" in Illinois, I had the driver's complete attention, recited *The Gospel of Beauty* through a series of my more didactic rhymes till I was tired, and presented the *Village Improvement Parade* and the *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* and exhorted the comradely driver to forget me never. One colored horseman hitched forward on the plank of his breaking-cart and gave me his seat. Then came quite a ride into New London. He asked, "So you goin' to walk west to the mountains and all around?" "Yes, if this colt don't break my neck, or I don't lose my nerve or get bitten by a dog or anything." "Will you walk back?" "Maybe so, maybe not." He pondered awhile, then said, with the Bert Williams manner, "*You'll ride back. Mark my words, you'll ride back!*"

He asked a little later, "Goin' to harves' in Kansas?" I assured him I was not going to harvest in Kansas. He rolled his big white eyes at me: "What in the name of Uncle Hillbilly *air* you up to then?"

In this case I could not present my tracts, for I was holding on to him for dear life. Just then he turned off my road. Get-

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ting out of the cart I nearly hung myself; and the colt was away again before I could say "Thank you."

Yesterday I passed through what was mostly a flat prairie country, abounding in the Missouri mule. I met one man on horseback driving before him an enormous specimen tied head to head with a draught-horse. The mule was continually dragging his good-natured comrade into the ditch and being jerked out again. The mule is a perpetual inquisitor and experimenter. He followed me along the fence with the alertest curiosity, when he was inside the field, yet meeting me in the road, he often showed deadly terror. If he was a mule colt, following his mare mamma along the pike, I had to stand in the side lane or hide behind a tree till he went by, or else he would turn and run as if the very devil were after him. Then the farmer on the mare would have to pursue him a considerable distance, and drive him back with cuss words. 'Tis sweet to stir up so much emotion, even in the breast of an animal.

What do you suppose happened in New London? I approached what I thought a tiny Baptist chapel of whitewashed stone. Noting it was about sermon-time, and feeling like repenting, I walked in. Behold, the most harmoniously-colored Catholic shrine in the world! The sermon was being preached by the most gorgeously robed priest one could well conceive. The father went on to show how a vision of the Christ-child had appeared on the altar of a lax congregation in Spain. From that time those people, stricken with reverence and godly fear, put that church into repair, and the community became a true servant of the Lord. Infidels were converted, heretics were confounded.

After the sermon came the climax of the mass, and from the choir loft above my head came the most passionate religious singing I ever heard in my life. The excellence of the whole worship, even to the preaching of visions, was a beautiful surprise.

People do not open their eyes enough, neither their spiritual nor their physical eyes. They are not sensitive enough to loveliness either visible or by the pathway of visions. I wish every church in the world could see the Christ-child on the

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altar, every Methodist and Baptist as well as every Catholic congregation.

With these thoughts I sat and listened while that woman soloist sang not only through the Mass, but the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as well. The whole surprise stands out like a blazing star in my memory.

I say we do not see enough visions. I wish that, going out of the church door at noon, every worshipper in America could spiritually discern the Good St. Francis come down to our earth and singing of the Sun. I wish that saint would return. I wish he would preach voluntary poverty to all the middle-class and wealthy folk of this land, with the power that once shook Europe.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1912. In the mid-afternoon in the woods, many miles west of Jefferson City. I am sitting by a wild rose bush. I am looking down a long sunlit vista of trees.

Wednesday evening, three miles from Fulton, Missouri, I encountered a terrific storm. I tried one farm-house just before the rain came down, but they would not let me in, not even into the barn. They said it was "not convenient." They said there was another place a little piece ahead, anyway. Pretty soon I was considerably rained upon. But the "other place" did not appear. Later the thunder and lightning were frightful. It seemed to me everything was being struck all around me: because of the sheer downpour it became pitch dark. It seemed as though the very weight of the rain would beat me into the ground. Yet I felt that I needed the washing. The night before I enjoyed the kind of hospitality that makes one yearn for a bath.

At last I saw a light ahead. I walked through more cataracts and reached it. Then I knocked at the door. I entered what revealed itself to be a negro cabin. Mine host was Uncle Remus himself, only a person of more delicacy and dignity. He appeared to be well preserved, though he was eighteen years old when the war broke out. He owns forty acres and more than one mule. His house was sweet and clean, all metal surfaces polished, all wood-work scrubbed white, all linen fresh laun-

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dered. He urged me to dry at his oven. It was a long process, taking much fuel. He allowed me to eat supper and breakfast with him and his family, which honor I scarcely deserved. The old man said grace standing up. Then we sat down and he said another. The first was just family prayers. The second was thanksgiving for the meal. The table was so richly and delicately provided that within my heart I paraphrased the twenty-third Psalm, though I did not quote it out aloud: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies"—(namely, the thunder and lightning, and the inhospitable white man!).

I hope to be rained on again if it brings me communion bread like that I ate with my black host. The conversation was about many things, but began religiously; how "*Ol' Master in the sky gave us everything here to take keer of, and said we mussent waste any of it.*" The wife was a mixture of charming diffidence and eagerness in offering her opinion on these points of political economy and theology.

After supper the old gentleman gave me the benefit of many sage sayings in the course of the narrative of his family history. He had five children grown and away from home and one sleek first voter still under his roof. The old gentleman asked the inevitable question: "Goin' west harvestin'?"

I said "No" again. Then I spread out and explained *The Village Improvement Parade.* This did not interest the family much, but they would never have done with asking me questions about Lincoln. And the fact that I came from Lincoln's home town was plainly my chief distinction in their eyes. The best bed was provided for me, and warm water in which to bathe, and I slept the sleep of the clean and regenerated in snowy linen. Next morning the sun shone, and I walked the muddy roads as cheerfully as though they were the paths of Heaven.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1912. I am writing in the railroad station at Tipton, Missouri.

A little while back a few people began to ask me to work for my meals. I believe this is because the "genteel" appearance with which I started has become something else. My derby hat

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has been used for so many things,—to keep off a Noah's flood of rain, to catch cherries in, to fight bumblebees, to cover my face while asleep, and keep away the vague terrors of the night,—that it is still a hat, but not quite in the mode. My face is baked by the sun and my hands are fried and stewed. My trousers are creased not in one place, but all over. These things make me look more like a person who, in the words of the conventional world, "*ought to work.*"

Having been requested to work once or twice, I immediately made it my custom to offer labor-power as a preliminary to the meal. I generally ask about five people before I find the one who happens to be in a meal-giving mood. This kindly person, about two-thirds of the time, refuses to let me work. I insist and insist, but he says "Aw, come in and eat anyway." The man who accepts my offer of work may let me cut weeds, or hoe corn or potatoes, but he generally shows me the woodpile and the axe. Even then every thud of that inevitably dull instrument seems to go through him. After five minutes he thinks I have worked an hour, and he comes to the porch and shouts: "Come in and get your dinner."

Assuming a meal is worth thirty-five cents, I have never yet worked out the worth of one, at day-laborer's wages. Very often I am called into the house three times before I come. Whether I work or not the meals are big and good. Perhaps there is a little closer attention to *The Gospel of Beauty,* after three unheeded calls to dinner.

After the kindling is split and the meal eaten and they lean back in their chairs, a-weary of their mirth, by one means or another I show them how I am knocking at the door of the world with a dream in my hand.

Because of the multitudes of tramps pouring west on the freight trains,—tramps I never see because I let freight cars alone,—night accommodations are not so easy to get as they were in my other walks in Pennsylvania and Georgia. I have not yet been forced to sleep under the stars, but each evening has been a scramble. There must be some better solution to this problem of a sleeping-place.

The country hotel, if there is one around, is sometimes wil-

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ling to take in the man who flatly says he is broke. For instance, the inn-keeper's wife at Clarksburg was tenderly pitiful, yea, she was kind to me after the fashion of the holiest of the angels. There was a protracted meeting going on in the town. That was, perhaps, the reason for her exalted heart. But, whatever the reason, in this one case I was welcomed with such kindness and awe that I dared not lift up my haughty head or distribute my poems, or give tongue to my views, or let her suspect for a moment I was a special IDEA on legs. It was much lovelier to have her think I was utterly forlorn.

This morning when I said good-bye I fumbled my hat, mumbled my words and shuffled my feet, and may the Good St. Francis reward her.

When I asked the way to Tipton the farmer wanted me to walk the railroad. People cannot see "why the Sam Hill" anyone wants to walk the highway when the rails make a bee-line for the destination. This fellow was so anxious for the preservation of my feet he insisted it looked like rain. I finally agreed that, for the sake of avoiding a wetting, I had best hurry to Tipton by the ties. The six miles of railroad between Clarksburg and Tipton should be visited by every botanist in the United States. Skip the rest of this letter unless you are interested in a catalogue of flowers.

First comes the reed with the deep blue blossoms at the top that has bloomed by my path all the way from Springfield, Illinois. Then come enormous wild roses, showing every hue that friend of man ever displayed. Behold an army of white poppies join our march, then healthy legions of waving mustard. Our next recruits are tiny golden-hearted ragged kinsmen of the sunflower. No comrades depart from this triumphal march to Tipton. Once having joined us, they continue in our company. The mass of color grows deeper and more subtle each moment. Behold, regiments of pale lavender larkspur. 'Tis an excellent garden, the finer that it needs no tending. Though the rain has failed to come, I begin to be glad I am hobbling along over the vexatious ties. I forget my resolve to run for President.

Once I determined to be a candidate. I knew I would get the tramp-vote and the actor-vote. My platform was to be

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that railroad ties should be just close enough for men to walk on them in natural steps, neither mincing the stride nor widely stretching the legs.

Not yet have we reached Tipton. Behold a white flower, worthy of a better name, that the farmers call "sheep's tea." Behold purple larkspur joining the lavender larkspur. Behold that disreputable camp-follower the button-weed, wearing its shabby finery. Now a red delicate grass joins in, and a big purple and pink sort of an aster. Behold a pink and white sheep's tea. And look, there is a dwarf morning glory, the sweetest in the world. Here is a group of black-eyed Susans, marching like suffragettes to get the vote at Tipton. Here is a war-dance of Indian Paint. And here are bluebells.

"Goin' west harvestin'?"

"I have harvested already, ten thousand flowers an hour."

JUNE 10, 1912. 3 p. m. Three miles west of Sedalia, Missouri. In the woods. Near the automobile road to Kansas City.

Now that I have passed Sedalia I am pretty well on toward the Kansas line. Only three more days' journey, and then I shall be in Kansas, State of Romance, State of Expectation. Goodness knows Missouri has plenty of incident, plenty of merit. But it is a cross between Illinois and Northern Kentucky, and to beg here is like begging in my own back-yard.

But the heart of Kansas is the heart of the West. . . . Inclosed find a feather from the wing of a young chicken-hawk. He happened across the road day before yesterday. The farmer stopped the team and killed him with his pitchfork. That farmer seemed to think he had done the Lord a service in ridding the world of a parasite. Yet I had a certain fellow-feeling for the hawk, as I have for anybody who likes chicken.

This walk is full of suggestions for poems. Sometimes, in a confidential moment I tell my hosts I am going to write a chronicle of the whole trip in verse. But I cannot write it now. The traveller at my stage is in a kind of farm-hand condition of mind and blood. He feels himself so much a part of the soil and the sun and the ploughed acres, he eats so hard and sleeps

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so hard, he has little more patience in trying to write than the husbandman himself.

If that poem is ever written I shall say,—to my fellow-citizens of Springfield, for instance:—"I have gone as your delegate to greet the fields, to claim them for you against a better day. I lay hold on these furrows on behalf of all those cooped up in cities."

I feel that in a certain mystical sense I have made myself part of the hundreds and hundreds of farms that lie between me and machine-made America. I have scarcely seen anything but crops since I left home. The whole human race is grubbing in the soil, and the soil is responding with tremendous vigor. By walking I get as tired as any and imagine I work too. Sometimes the glory goes. Then I feel my own idleness above all other facts on earth. I want to get to work immediately. But I suppose I am a minstrel or nothing. (There goes a squirrel through the treetops.)

Every time I say "No" to the question "Goin' west harvestin'?" I am a little less brisk about reciting that triad of poems that I find is the best brief exposition of my gospel: (1) *The Proud Farmer,* (2) *The Illinois Village* and (3) *The Building of Springfield.*

If I do harvest it is likely to be just as it was at the Springfield water-works a year ago, when I broke my back in a week trying to wheel bricks.

JUNE 12, 1912. On the banks of a stream west of the town of Warrensburg, Missouri.

Perhaps the problem of a night's lodging has been solved. I seem to have found a substitute for the spare bedrooms and white sheets of Georgia and Pennsylvania. It appears that no livery stable will refuse a man a place to sleep. What happened at Otterville and Warrensburg I can make happen from here on, or so I am assured by a farm-hand. He told me that every tiniest village from here to western Kansas has at least two livery-stables and there a man may sleep for the asking. He should try to get permission to mount to the hay-mow, for, unless the cot in the office is a mere stretch of canvas, it is likely

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to be (excuse me) verminiferous. The stable man asks if the mendicant has matches or tobacco. If he has he must give them up. Also he is told not to poke his head far out of the loft window, for if the insurance man caught him, it would be all up with the insurance. These preliminaries quickly settled the transient requests a buggy-robe to sleep in, lest he be overwhelmed with the loan of a horse-blanket. The objection to a horse-blanket is that it is a horse-blanket.

And so, if I am to believe my friend with the red neck, my good times at Warrensburg and Otterville are likely to continue.

Strange as it may seem, sleeping in a hayloft is Romance itself. The alfalfa is soft and fragrant and clean, the wind blows through the big loft door, the stars shine through the cottonwoods. If I wake in the night I hear the stable-boys bringing in the teams of men who have driven a long way and back again to get something;—to get drunk, or steal the kisses of somebody's wife or put over a political deal or get a chance to preach a sermon;—and I get scraps of detail from the stable-boys after the main actors of the drama have gone. It sounds as though all the remarks were being made in the loft instead of on the ground floor. The horses stamp and stamp and the grinding sound of their teeth is so close to me I cannot believe at first that the mangers and feed-boxes are way down below.

It is morning before I know it and the gorged birds are singing "shivaree, shivaree, Rachel Jane, Rachel Jane" in the mulberry trees, just outside the loft window. After a short walk I negotiate for breakfast, then walk on through Paradise and at the proper time negotiate for dinner, walk on through Paradise again and at six negotiate for the paradisical haymow, without looking for supper, and again more sleepy than hungry. The difference between this system and the old one is that about half past four I used to begin to worry about supper and night accommodations, and generally worried till seven. Now life is one long sweet stroll, and I watch the sunset from my bed in the alfalfa with the delights of the whole day renewed in my heart.

Passing through the village of Sedalia I inquired the way out of town to the main road west. My informant was a man

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named McSweeny, drunk enough to be awfully friendly. He asked all sorts of questions. He induced me to step two blocks out of my main course down a side-street to his "Restaurant." He said he was not going to let me leave town without a square meal. It was a strange eating-place, full of ditch-diggers, teamsters, red-necked politicians, and slender intellectual politicians. In the background was a scattering of the furtive daughters of pleasure, some white, some black. The whole institution was but an annex to the bar room in front. Mr. McSweeny looked over my book while I ate. After the meal he gathered a group of the politicians and commanded me to recite. I gave them my rhyme in memory of Altgeld and my rhyme in denunciation of Lorimer, and my rhyme denouncing all who coöperated in the white slave trade, including sellers of drink. Mr. McSweeny said I was the goods, and offered to pass the hat, but I would not permit. A handsome black jezebel sat as near us as she dared and listened quite seriously. I am sure she would have put something in that hat if it had gone round.

"I suppose," said Mr. McSweeny, as he stood at his door to bow adieu, "you will harvest when you get a little further west?"

That afternoon I walked miles and miles through rough country, and put up with a friendly farmer named John Humphrey. He had children like little golden doves, and a most hard-working wife. The man had harvested and travelled eight years in the west before he had settled down. He told me all about it. Until late that night he told me endless fascinating stories upon the theme of that free man's land ahead of me. If he had not had those rosy babies to anchor him, he would have picked up and gone along, and argued down my rule to travel alone.

Because he had been a man of the road there was a peculiar feeling of understanding in the air. They were people of much natural refinement. I was the more grateful for their bread when I considered that when I came upon them at sunset they were working together in the field. There was not a hand to help. How could they be so happy and seem so blest? Their day was nearer sixteen than eight hours long. I felt deathly

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ashamed to eat their bread. I told them so, with emphasis. But the mother said, "We always takes in them that asks, and nobody never done us no harm yet."

That night was a turning point with me. In reply to a certain question I said: "*Yes. I am going west harvesting.*"

I asked the veteran traveller to tell me the best place to harvest. He was sitting on the floor pulling the children's toes, and having a grand time. He drew himself up into a sort of oracular knot, with his chin on his knees, and gesticulated with his pipe.

"Go straight west," he said, "to Great Bend, Barton County, Kansas, the banner wheat county of the United States. Arrive about July fifth. Walk to the public square. Walk two miles north. Look around. You will see nothing but wheat fields, and farmers standing on the edge of the road crying into big red handkerchiefs. Ask the first man for work. He will stop crying and give it to you. Wages will be two dollars and a half a day, and keep. You will have all you want to eat and a clean blanket in the hay."

I have resolved to harvest at Great Bend.

HEART OF GOD

A PRAYER IN THE JUNGLES OF HEAVEN

O great Heart of God,
Once vague and lost to me,
Why do I throb with your throb to-night,
In this land, Eternity?
O little Heart of God,
Sweet intruding stranger,
You are laughing in my human breast,
A Christ-child in a manger.
Heart, dear Heart of God,
Beside you now I kneel,
Strong Heart of Faith. O Heart not mine,
Where God has set His seal.
Wild thundering Heart of God
Out of my doubt I come,
And my foolish feet with prophets' feet,
March with the prophets' drum.

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THE LONELINESS OF LIFE

MOWRY SABEN

MAN has been defined by Aristotle as a social animal, and a social animal man unquestionably is. But one cannot live for half a lifetime, if he have discerning eyes, without perceiving that a goodly percentage of mankind derive very little happiness from the society into which they were born, or have betaken themselves, and that their lack of happiness is due to a feeling of loneliness. Those whom they meet are not congenial or inspiring. There is for them no love or friendship which endures; little indeed that gives even temporary satisfaction.

We should all be surprised, I believe, if we were to listen to the weary tales of loneliness which most persons of refinement and sensitive nature could tell, and doubtless would, if a feeling of pride did not restrain their lips. Individuals are not well-adjusted to one another. There is little sympathy between them in the deeper matters of their lives. It is easy to sympathize with the hungry and homeless stranger; but to sympathize with the intellectual, ethical, and æsthetic needs of our fellows is very difficult, and to a majority of persons, as yet, all but impossible. The daily press reports the cases of men and women who have starved for lack of bread, but nobody has ever thought of reporting the far more numerous cases of those who have starved for lack of poetry, of philosophy, of friendship, or some other necessity of the soul. To how few can one reveal frankly, and without timidity, all the thoughts and feelings that have been born out of one's experience! Man is still afraid of man; quite as afraid of him, indeed, as he is of a wild beast. It is a dear price which we pay for our individuality.

There are persons who regard self-sufficiency as the highest human ideal. But we live in a world in which no individual is, or can be, self-sufficient, and the course of evolution, instead of endowing us with an ever greater degree of self-sufficiency, is stripping us of the little which the individual formerly pos-

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sessed. There are few wants which one can supply for himself, and most of our time is spent in supplying the wants of others. It is only the artist who finds a pure satisfaction in his daily task, and even an artist would starve, intellectually and æsthetically, if he were completely dependent upon himself for inspiration. It is one of the paradoxes of life that every individual is unique, and yet it is this uniqueness of others which we truly prize (as well as hate), rather than those qualities which are common to human nature. It is not the likeness of another to oneself which makes him interesting, but his difference, and yet in that difference all our difficulties in the way of *rapprochement* are found. The difference attracts us, as the light attracts the moth, and not infrequently with the same fatal result.

One might suppose that the great man would possess a greater degree of self-sufficiency than his lesser brother, but the precise opposite is the fact. It is the genius who suffers most from the loneliness of life. Those who are destitute of genius or talent often find life very much to their satisfaction, upon the whole. They make no heavy demands upon their companions, and their companions make no heavy demands upon them. The small amount of give and take required is given and taken. They indulge in their innocent pleasures, or their dissipations not so innocent, but both are comparatively simple, and yield a sufficient degree of satisfaction to enable the time to pass pleasantly. Sorrow comes to them, of course, as it comes to the more gifted, but it seldom brings heartbreak with the tears. The measure of their days is passed with none of those violent convulsions of spirit, moods of utter despair, austere questionings of the universe, and the long black stretches of loneliness, which make life seem a veritable nightmare to many a child of genius. When the widow of the poet Shelley said that she intended to send her son to a school, not where he would learn to think for himself, but where he would learn to think like other people, she expressed the tragedy of genius, as she had seen it exemplified in her husband's career. The genius cannot think like other people, he cannot feel like other people; but we slay him because he cannot. The expansive mind and

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heart alike have sorrows that the syncopated organs of thought and feeling know little or nothing of.

The secret of happiness lies in the possession of power to realize oneself. But self-realization does not mean the same thing to all persons. Perhaps the pugilist, or athlete, who becomes a champion in his sphere, possesses a degree of self-realization vouchsafed to very few, but to one who cares nothing for pugilism or athletic sport such success will seem no realization of the self at all. A majority are fairly well-satisfied if they obtain enough material reward from their toil to support themselves and their families in a moderate degree of comfort. To be able to eat three substantial meals a day, to be able to provide for one's beer-thirst and tobacco-craving, and a pillow for the weary head at night, is quite enough to fill thousands with a spirit of sweet content. But it is not with these that I am concerned in this paper.

I am concerned here only with those individuals whose demands upon life are so great that they fail to find the happiness which all crave; the individuals who know only too well that they possess fancies, feelings and ideals to which no human satisfaction is ever likely to be vouchsafed; the individuals who know the loneliness that turns the world for them into a desert; the poet with his song, the painter with his picture, the composer with his symphony, the philosopher with his treatise, the dreamer still struggling with the attempt to give his vision embodiment, the youth swept in a maëlstrom of conflicting emotions, to whom ideal and failure have become synonymous words in the lexicon of experience. The failures of life are really more interesting than the successful, for the successful are usually mediocre in the deep facts of experience, seeing clearly enough, and with amazing sharpness, perhaps, into some nook or corner, but blind to the larger spaces, while the failures are often those who have stood fast by the realities which give to life all its meaning and value.

There are persons, but I do not happen to be of their number, who believe that a law of compensation obtains in the world, bringing to every man who strives a reward, no matter how much he may have failed in the seeming. The great name

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of Emerson is often invoked to prove the existence of this law, and by many he is supposed to have discovered it. But did Emerson really penetrate to the heart of the matter? It seems to me that he did not. His *a priori* optimism sealed his eyes to many bitter truths of existence, and thus made him, large as his merits as a great spiritual force are, an unsafe teacher at times. The evils that his friend Carlyle saw were dim to him. He could not perceive, as the great Scotsman did, that there is really anything wrong with the world. "Look at the biography of authors," says Carlyle; "except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man." And so it is. But Emerson did not know that history had in its annals so much as one sickening chapter. His law of compensation, when analyzed, means no more than this: that a person after a long and wearisome search for gold, in which he has spent his health and strength fruitlessly, will find that he has obtained pretty shells and pebbles which are as good as gold, or even much better than the precious metal, if one will but think so. But the disappointed seeker is not likely to think so, and I must confess that my sympathies are all with the disappointed seeker.

Something of the failure of success Emerson indeed did see. He saw that the successful presidential candidate was likely to leave the larger part of his manhood behind him. But the poignant distress that the noblest and best are almost certain to experience was not clear to him, as it was to Carlyle. How deeply he reverenced Plato, yet the saying, "as sad as Plato," which obtained currency among the Greeks, apparently left no impress upon him. The profound dejection of Carlyle himself did not disturb his facile optimism. But it doubtless would, if he had caught the significance of his friend's reference to Shakespeare, when he wrote, in *Heroes and Hero-worship:*

"Alas, Shakespeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse; his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under conditions. . . . *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any poet, or of any man."

Truth is as hard as rock, and as pitiless.

The passage from Carlyle which I have quoted embodies

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the quintessence of the loneliness of life. We all have to work under conditions, and these conditions are seldom calculated to bring out the best that is in us, or that which in the depths of our hearts we desire to bring out. All truth and beauty and goodness are strictly personal, and yet personality is the one thing which the public always refuses to pardon. The person who thinks and feels, no matter how sincere he may be, is always distasteful to most of his contemporaries. Walt Whitman said that whoever touched his *Leaves of Grass* touched a man. This explains sufficiently why Whitman was so unpopular with his fellow-countrymen. The public does not want to touch a man when it reads a book.

We shall never witness the greatest literature, or the finest art, or the noblest living, until we shall have come to appreciate the uniqueness of every person. Great as Shakespeare was, his work would doubtless have been much greater if the exigencies of the Globe Playhouse had not disturbed his genius. How many of his contemporaries were capable of appreciating the best that he had to give? How many, indeed, are capable of appreciating the best that any of us have to give? The lack of respect for personal uniqueness, the prevailing notion that all ought to think and feel alike, is responsible for most of our mediocrity. Some relation with his kind everyone must have, but whether the relation is to be a true or a false one will depend upon the conception of personality which the community entertains. To-day the relations between individuals lack substance. We know nobody as he is, and our conventions are, for the most part, tainted with hypocrisy. Genius despises the conventions. The oak will not confine itself in a flower-pot; the Niagara torrent will not accept the dimensions of a water-tank; the man or woman of force will not lie, without protest, upon any Procrustean bed of authority. Socialism, unless it leads to a larger Individualism than any which the ages have been cognizant of, will prove, if successful, the greatest tyranny that the world has known. Our socialist friends make much ado over the necessity for class-consciousness, as though it were possible for a class to have aspirations. But no class ever had aspirations, although it may have had grievances, and no class ever

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will have them. The hope of the race has always lain in the aspirations of the few heroic souls, and what has been true of the past will doubtless be true for a long time to come. It is only the personal equation which has ever counted, or ever will.

It is a pitiful story, the history of this, our world, though Hegel and other philosophers have thought that they have discovered a rational purpose incarnated within it, as perhaps they have. But to many whose vision is not so keen as the vision of these philosophers, the loneliness of existence comes as an appalling fact. They know that the noblest persons in all ages have been stoned, crucified, burned, beheaded, hanged, thrown into dungeons, or ostracized. The record is a long one. Socrates, Anaxagoras, Jesus, Paul, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Savonarola, Cervantes, More, Spinoza, Kant, Wagner, Darwin and Whitman are the names of heroic men who, to a greater or lesser degree, suffered the penalty for being different from their contemporaries. But all persons, to just the extent that they differ from the multitude of the so-called average men and women, are made to feel the loneliness of their position. Blessed is the man who stands upon his own instincts, if he finds one staunch friend who truly appreciates the sincerity of his purpose. There have been many who could never have defined the word *friendship* from actual personal experience.

The loneliness of life—who does not feel it, if he feel at all? Bacon said long ago, and Thoreau, in substance, repeated it after him, that there is little friendship in the world. Each of us stands upon his solitary peak of self, and few there be who come within close hailing distance of one another. Every original idea, every new impulse of feeling, but drives us deeper into our individual dungeons. A century or two hence the spirit may be free again, but the period of imprisonment is long, and its conditions inexorable. Our friends are, for the most part, of the past and future, not the present; the real self is often doomed to solitary confinement; then only our simulacrum wanders forth in the day, or in the night, clasping hands, and indulging in what we are pleased to term human intercourse. One may indeed make the best of the situation, and observe a noble stoicism, but let no one who values the integrity of his

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mind or heart accept make-believe as reality. Pretty our make-believe may be in the seeming, but there are hours when pretence, even our own, fails to win us, and we see things as they are, in all their bald, colossal ugliness. Society, in the truest sense is, as yet, only a dream, and it will doubtless be many millenniums before the dream comes true.

What would we have? Edmund Spenser, a poet's poet, has tried to answer the question for us, in his *Muiopotmos,* when he says:

> "What more felicity can fall to creature
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
> And to be lord of all the works of nature?
> To reign in the air from the earth to highest sky,
> To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
> To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
> Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
> Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness."

But is this enough? No, it is not. We may be sure that it would never have been enough for the poet himself. Man is more than nature, and one human heart, which truly responds to our own, is worth more than all the fairness of earth and sea and sky. All the beauty and sublimity and wonder of nature will not assuage the pain that the isolated soul feels, even when nature is seen at her sweetest and best. The charm that the great world-out-of-doors has for us is only a charm that the poet has instilled within our minds. The singing robes of nature are all woven of human texture. The wilderness is paradise enough when shared with a friend; it is inferno when one dwells therein as a solitary monarch. There is no hope or joy for the individual save in Humanity. If no human heart beats against our own, then is the loneliness of life present with us as a bitter and appalling thing. To make for a better understanding of men, to value the uniqueness of every person—this is pure and undefiled religion. Conflict there must necessarily be, but we shall never be truly civilized until we shall have learned to respect, and even to admire, our honest foes. It is not conflict between man and man, but the Loneliness of Life, that eats, like an acid, into our hearts.

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OLD-WORLD DEMOCRACY

CARL S. HANSEN

THE more one comes in contact with Old World institutions, the more one is convinced that they reveal a democracy that similar institutions of the New World may well envy. A sense of the importance of individuality is never forgotten, by anyone, at any time, in the British Islands, and least of all when strong men gather. There is a candor, a willingness to criticise and to be criticised, an ability to rise to personality, on occasion, rather than to sink to impersonality, for an occasion, that surprises one who has thought the Old World poky and formal.

Take a single instance, in university life. It is in the longish dining room of Trinity College, Dublin. Gowned students are attending a meeting of the Philosophical Society. The platform is filled with bigwigs. A real lord is presiding, a pink chap who parts his hair in the middle and smiles over a white tie. His lordship is a jewel, in more than the social sense, for he is really what the programme tells you, a chairman; that is, one who sits in his chair while others talk.

His lordship rises and pulls down his white vest quickly. "I am to give out some medals," he says; "Mr. So-and-so, gold medal." He takes the honor man's hand, gives it two shakes, like a pump-handle, and calls the next man. "Mr. So-and-so, for oratory, silver medal." Same cordial grip, without abatement of the two-pump standard, for the man who gets the second prize. Two or three others get bronze medals, I think, but am not sure. It doesn't matter. What matters is, that his lordship has the rare sense and tact not to formulate the obvious (which everybody knows), that the honor men deserve the medals. The presentation takes forty seconds. An American university couldn't beat that, in a hundred years.

Then his lordship speaks again. "We will now listen to the paper of the evening." He doesn't fumble dramatically for his glasses, to read the title of the paper from the programme. With a penetration which is marvellous, in a chairman, he infers

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that you have probably read it yourself, on your own programme. As a matter of fact, you've done nothing else for half an hour. The chairman's stock soars in your estimation. A man who is willing to say so little can probably say much. He is new and virile.

Then the meeting is opened by a student president, a keen chap with a good profile. He reads a paper on international arbitration that is worthy of a place in THE FORUM. It is a good, brainy paper, pleading for the fulfilment of old ideals by new methods—a business-like peace.

The paper finished, the chairman rises, again pulls down his vest, and in ten seconds has introduced Mr. Birrell, lawyer, writer, politician and Chief Secretary for Ireland, who, according to ancient custom, is to move a vote of thanks for the president's address and that it be printed at the expense of the society.

Right here appears the breeziness of Old World ways. In America, under such a resolution—if such an one were possible—soft-soap would be spread around so thickly that everybody would slip and break his shins. All would be as painfully polished as the waxed floor of a skating rink, and everybody would be made happy with felicitation and delirious with inconsequence. The proposer of such a resolution would so overdo it as to make you glad that philosophical meetings, like Christmas, come but once a year. But that isn't the Old World university way. Birrell told his audience, in essence, that the paper was good—for a boy; he was a good boy, and so he wasn't to be blamed too much.

Birrell is a cleaner-looking Thackeray than Beerbohm's bust of Thackeray, and has much of that master's gentle satire. The paper came in for honest appreciation and honest dissent, and the latter is always more interesting. It is the custom, in the British Isles, for anyone who gets even a word on the platform to define his own views on the question at issue. Birrell, moving a vote of thanks for a paper on peace, showed that peace is what we want but will not stand for. Citizens, not statesmen, make war. Perhaps that isn't true, but no matter; what matters is, that Birrell, being called upon to say one sort of thing, said

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another thing that he pleased to say, and so pleased mightily.

Then his lordship bobbed up again and introduced the next speaker, in nine seconds. Broke his own record.

A square-shouldered man, with a big, smooth face, somewhat like a good-natured ward politician, with an unmanageable black lock trailing down his forehead, addressed the gathering, holding a lead pencil. Once in a while his tongue slipped out, slyly and drolly. Hilaire Belloc, Frenchman, naturalized Englishman, ultra-Catholic, M. P., soldier and essayist, admitted that his audience had him and he his audience.

" My lords and gentlemen," he said, " I have been asked to speak about something of which I know nothing. That is as it should be. Once I had a dream. In my dream I went to a publisher and asked him to print a new work. ' What is it about? ' asked the publisher. ' It is to be called,' said I, ' the Encyclopædia of Things *Not* Known.' ' Will it sell? ' he asked. ' No,' said I. ' Then it isn't a good business proposition,' said he. ' True,' said I; ' but it would be a delightful change in literature.' Here, my lords and gentlemen, is something for my encyclopædia of things not known. I have been foolishly asked to propose, ' That this Philosophical Society is worthy of the support of the Student Body.' I give it up! *I* don't know whether it is! "

That was Hilaire Belloc's way of meeting the traditional motion. (Parenthetically, this quaint resolution probably originated in old tavern days, when students thought good beer better than bad philosophy. But let's get back to Hilaire.) He ignored the resolution and proceeded to take a fall out of the student who had read so fine a paper on peace. He stuck his lower lip over his upper and looked most villainous, for the moment, for a Christian, and said he believed in war. War didn't hurt much. It was his experience that it hurt people less to lose blood than to lose money.

Then a bishop, one of the Lords Spiritual, got up to second Birrell's quaint resolution, thanking the president for his fine paper on international arbitration; and here, if anywhere, the platitudes should have been visible to the naked eye and musical to the ear. But the sturdy bishop, who wore a sort of smok-

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ing jacket, an apron like a machinist's, knickers and stockings, wasn't of that sort. He let it be known in the first breath that he was an Irishman, and so was privileged to dissent from everybody. He said the boy had done fine, but that war was simply great—or words to that effect.

When they were all done, some one moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, assenters and dissenters; and he, bless you! had to disagree with all of them. And when he had done, some one else had to move thanks to the chairman; and this resoluter, too, had to air *his* opinions, like a candidate for office. Of course, some one had to second *him;* but the second refused to speak, for three reasons: everybody was tired of speakers, nothing new could possibly be said, and if it could no one wanted to listen.

Then his lordship, the chairman, had to give thanks for receiving thanks; which, translated into Old World procedure, meant for him to define *his* position, too. He was for war, in this philosophical peace meeting; and he said it always refreshed him to get to a seat of learning where he could hear such good theories. Theories were nice things, but it was late. He had only six words to say: Good cheer, good luck, good night!

And then the thing was over.

In America, it would have been over an hour earlier; but in America almost everybody would have agreed, and it would have been so academically orthodox, you would have needed a strong grip to withstand the strain of enthusiasm for unanimity. And, if there had been a bit of gentle dissent, it would have been pitched so high, philosophically, that no one except the dissenter would have known it was dissent, and he perhaps only vaguely. How often one hangs over a balcony, in a philosophical union, gasping for understanding; with now and then a human suspicion that if the speaker could only read his speech six months later, when it was cold, like Horace Greeley confronted with his own handwriting, he might wonder what the devil it was all about!

But in the Old World, strangely enough, every man makes it plain what he means; and if he doesn't mean much, or if he means wrong, you handclap him anyway, for he certainly isn't dull.

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OFF VIAREGGIO

1822

CHESTER ALLYN REED

WHAT were the moments of that fatal hour
When from Livorno's port with farewell shout
Borne like a sea-bird on the tempest's power
Or glancing light to note the storm-cloud's pace
The *Don Juan* stood out?

Was Williams at the helm? And Shelley's face,
Where was it turned—to book or shore or sea,
Which quickened on their lee,
And made against the boat a stealthy race
For distant Lerici?

The vast and marble-crested Apennine
Was on their right that sultry summer's day,
Old battlemented keeps the shore define,
The watchers of the bay.

With swift impatient sail they fled afar—
The moon, the evening wind, the terrace white,
Jane with her artless music and guitar
Return again to-night.

O baneful vision dulling their concern
For skilful seamanship! The mutter low
Of thunder did but welcome their return
With friendly voice they know.

Out of the south it spoke, and their reply
Was the rash topsail spread upon the blue!
Across the century one sends a sigh
For this unpractised crew.

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His eager gaze was to the last alive
To Nature's meaning and unchanging love,
He watched the waves in sparkling legions drive
Or smiled on heaven above.

Or saw in visions of enchantment dressed
The thronging spirits of the deep and sky
Inviting him to leave his hopeless quest
And join their company.

The Spirit of the Hour came in his car,
A youth of ardent eyes and headlong speed
Approaching like some day-arisen star
Whose course we do not heed.

And like the hues of morning were the wings
Of those who ministered about his flight,
And at his hand the joyful lightning springs
From crags of chrysolite.

Out of the caverns of impatient sea,
From halls where orange tangle shuts the day
The beings of the deep delightedly
Rise to the Spezzian Bay.

Tumultuous they would the master claim,
The spiritual parent and the child
Shall rush together like wind-driven flame
Or lovers reconciled.

Alas, it was more cruel—the attack
Of forces inaccessible to ruth—
Yet they have kept this lovely figure back
In everlasting youth.

Still shines upon us from his lofty page
Something of morning freshness bright and free,
Which had departed in maturer age
Or failed increasingly.

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Perhaps with pall of pity crept the storm
On careless watchers bent upon their home.
The sea was still, the air oppressive, warm,
The sky a leaden dome.

Then fell the tempest and the warring shock
Of whirlwind and of wave, the blinding strife—
Who perished first? Did Shelley seek to block
The closing gates of life?

Or did he as he said in days before
Feel that his life was valueless to man,
And that the future held for him in store
But oft-defeated plan?

For none would read his word nor hear his voice,
And dimmer grew his confidence to slay
Established wrong, and he could not rejoice
In vacant holiday.

He lived for those Realities unknown
To men of a less spiritual sense,
And felt himself more humanly alone
On each new eminence.

And in this solitude most skilled he grew
To grace abstractions with celestial love,
Not golden Plato more divinely knew
Their verity to prove.

Freedom of mind was of his glorious lore,
The unforced love of others and the might
Of Beauty as her rainbow pinions soar
Across the realms of night.

And he was drowned! And not a voice will tell
The secret of that stealthy fog-bank dim!
Heroic lessons in such moments dwell,
The end of one like him.

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Of this be certain—he who evermore
Asked of the Silence for its deepest word
Veiled not his face when on the Umbrian shore
The voice of death was heard.

I think in calmness, with a hope perchance
Of all his place should thro' the ages be—
A standard-bearer proud in Truth's advance—
He drank the bitter sea.

Unselfish and unworldly to the heart
What tho' his words were immature and wild,
His view of life instructive but in part,
Obscure, unreconciled?

These are for those who love him, who have felt
His presence deep within their fondest thought,
As when across a desert's burning belt
The song of birds is brought.

Or when one breathes for days in some small space
And feels the preciousness of light and air,
And then is led where the blue waters race
Upon a sea-beach bare.

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THE ROLLING STONE

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

MRS. WINTERS finished washing the supper dishes and dried her hands on the long roller towel behind the stove. Gathering up the big red table cloth she went to the porch and gave it a vigorous shaking. A few chickens ran up and scrambled for the crumbs. They had delayed going to roost for just this. Though it was past sundown, and most of their fellows were already roosting in the big apple tree whose wide branches spread over the berry patch behind the woodshed, a few of them ostentatiously hung about the steps awaiting the appearance of the big red table cloth.

The action of the chickens reflected the methodical habits of Mrs. Winters. They had learned to expect her at just this time. They knew also that there would be only enough crumbs for a few of them. Mrs. Winters never had many "leave overs." "Leave overs" were wasteful and were not methodical. If Mrs. Winters was anything she was methodical.

She was a small woman, sixty-five and gray. Her cleanly precision had established itself in a thousand little ways about her eleven-acre farm. The little red barn, the neat out-buildings and the white gable-roofed house all bore the imprint of her methodical attention. Everywhere about the place was inscribed the craftsmanship of one who did her work well. The rose bushes bordering the gravel walk which led to the house from the white-picketed gate were trimmed neatly. The row of pails and pans on the back porch had a brightness almost new. Inside the house each thing was in its place, and there was one place and no other for each one of them.

Throughout the village of Canaan Mrs. Winters' neighbors had long ceased to wonder at her methodical thrift. In fact her name had become a sort of household synonym for efficiency. It was a name to conjure with. Mothers used it to evoke a similar efficiency in reluctant daughters. Fathers tried to shame sons more intent upon hunting and fishing than farm work into

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modelling themselves upon the lines of Mrs. Winters' indefatigable industry.

She was visibly though unobtrusively successful. Some ten years before her husband had died. They were forced to take out a mortgage of five hundred dollars during his sickness. But since his death she had disposed of the debt with the same energetic activity which dominated all her expressions. She loathed the very thought of indebtedness.

While Mrs. Winters was ostensibly a success in so many ways, there was something in her life which caused her endless heartaches. It was a something which, disguise it from her neighbors as she always tried to do, gave her nevertheless an abiding sense of shame. A year before her husband died, John, their son, ran away from home.

Mrs. Winters had never understood John. When he ran away she did not understand that either. Her husband, an irritably quiet man, never vouchsafed an explanation of their son's disappearance. Even when he lay in the " spare room " upstairs, dying, and she pleaded with him for some word about their boy, he met her tearful appeals with a more tight-lipped silence than his suffering occasioned. Even in his suffering he was silent. It was the way of the man.

Only at the very last had he spoken of the boy. Then it was but to mention his name on the intake of a breath already clogged with approaching death. Mrs. Winters never knew whether he had cursed or blessed their son. The doubt of it all clung in the memory of his last word and gave her an added bitterness. This bitterness was always there in the silent places of her life and was another thing which added to her secret sense of shame. But, thank God, she had always felt, none of the neighbors had been there to hear it. Only a deaf and aged aunt was in the room when her husband died.

Though her boy was absent, Mrs. Winters loved him with all her heart. He was her only child. She prayed for him every night before going to bed. Ofttimes, in the midst of her work, she would stop and tip-toe to the front room and spend a long time looking at his picture which hung over the parlor organ. She always removed her checkered blue apron before she did

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this. And as she passed through the sitting-room, she would stop before the old mahogany-cased clock which had a little faded mirror set in it and adjust her thin gray hair. Though her visits to the front room were almost unnumbered during these long years since he ran away, they had never lost their ceremonial character.

The front room had never been used since the funeral. It was a sort of sanctuary to Mrs. Winters, far too sacred for the intrusion of her neighbors. It was a large high-walled chilly room. Pallid blue wall paper with patterns of uncouth impossible flowers matched the pallor of the cold marble fireplace. The room contained a number of round-backed horse-hair bottomed chairs which had never known the pressure of human kind since that crowded day of her husband's burial. These chairs were in quite the same spot she had placed them in on her return from the funeral, when she had immediately engaged in a furious outburst of house-cleaning. No one had ever come to disturb them and they stood against the wall in glossy pride, stiff and very forbidding. Upon the pallid blue walls, limned in oval walnut frames, the pictures of stern-faced New England ancestors frowned over the room. In the centre of a marble-topped table a mammoth "family" Bible rested in state. It was hardly ever opened now except to record the birth or death of a relative.

The fireplace was more like a shrine than a thing of use. Between it and the high-backed parlor organ there seemed a silent rivalry for dominion over the room. In the late autumn the grate was filled with a mass of golden rod, "bone-set" and wormwood, whose pleasantly pungent aromas lasted the whole winter long. Sometimes Mrs. Winters took them out and built a fire in their place. It was an event in her methodical life whenever this happened, which was not often. It too had the semblance of devotional formality.

There was something about this, to Mrs. Winters, almost sacred fire, which left her strangely perturbed. For days thereafter she would go about her work in a dreamy fashion, companioned by the vaguest unrest, possessed by an imagery quite foreign to her simple methodical living. She could not have

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described it; indeed she never tried to. She was always alone, a quiet, tenderly brooding little old woman, who, though she lived in the thoughts of many people in Canaan, seldom sought their company, and so never had anyone with whom she could discuss this incomprehensible unrest. Besides, it was a matter which eluded all analysis. Whenever she tried to understand it the whole thing somehow ran off into vague attenuations which left her distraught and unwell. Always, as from some unknown and unthinkable distance, there seemed to be some one or something calling to her. She could not have told whence it came nor how; she only knew that it was, and that it followed her visits to the sanctuary.

Over the shrine-like fireplace a piece of white mosquito netting partially obscured a gorgeous gilt-framed picture. This netting was removed whenever she built the fire. Then, when the fire was well a-blaze, Mrs. Winters would spend a whole hour looking at this picture or at the picture of her son.

The picture in the gorgeous gilt frame was an old-fashioned daguerreotype of a dashing black-haired man with curling moustaches who looked out at her with an expression of healthy bravado. The photographer had given the picture a set of fiery cheeks and added an extra curl to the curling moustaches. It was a picture of the deceased Mr. Winters' brother. Rumor had it that Mrs. Winters had once loved this cavalier-looking man, and had even promised to marry him. Rumor also said that she had married his brother instead through the insistence of her family. Her family had never liked the elder John Winters, whose picture now crowned her fireplace. This elder John was undoubtedly a rover then, even as he had proved to be later, and doubtless would always be.

Whenever any of Mrs. Winters' family came to visit, which was not often, they never failed to remind her of the excellence of their choice. At long intervals the news would somehow percolate through Canaan that the elder John Winters had been heard of in some outlandish part of the world, China or Africa or the South Seas. It seemed almost criminal to the people of Canaan that such a man should be related to Henry, Mrs. Winters' husband, who was such a hard-working respectable

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man, content to spend his days in Canaan. Yes, Lucy was to be congratulated on having a good man.

Mrs. Winters never replied when they said these things to her; she would lose herself in some work or other, rattling and bustling about among her pots and pans with added fervor. When they had gone, however, she would go to the front room and have a long silent cry all to herself. A thing which made her heart the more heavy these later years was that her boy was not there. She wanted him to be there that she might lavish upon him the labors of love which her lonely loveless life demanded.

As a little boy, John, her son, had always been afraid of the front room. The silence, the stern faces in their oval frames, always ready, it seemed, to leap out upon him should he do any forbidden thing, the cold marble fireplace reminding him somehow of the village cemetery, and the ponderous Bible lying there in such implacable dignity, combined their forces of silence and gave him a weird indescribable fear.

On Sunday afternoons with the splendid freshness of out-of-doors calling for him, when bees were buzzing among the flowers beneath the window, when swallows were tumbling about through the sunlight, when the swimming hole with the big knotted log across it beckoned as it never did on week-days, it was his duty to spend the time with his mother in this same front room. There, amidst laborious smudgy-fingered spelling of strange foreign-sounding words in the big Bible, his thoughts would wander out beyond the biblical lore which Mrs. Winters strove to induct in quite the same methodical fashion in which she did all other things.

Perhaps it would be the picture of a ground hog sunning himself before his hole on the distant hillside which got all mixed up with stories of the Flood or some other biblical cataclysm. Once he had been punished for asking if any ground hogs "came over in the Ark." And he had had another punishment when he asked if there were any hunting or fishing in heaven. Irreverence was a quality not to be tolerated in John's home, even as many other things met speedy disapproval there.

John never got on well with his father. Perhaps the latter

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somehow figured out that the mother of John had never really given him her heart. Their first and only child was named after his roving brother; a matter which always rankled, and which was Lucy's doing. He would have named the lad Henry; Henry had been a family name for generations. It had been his father's name, and his father's father's and on back until one lost count. Sometimes too, even darker thoughts had clouded the silent man's otherwise unthinking life. A year before John's birth, the rover had returned, and spent a careless, workless six months with them.

As the boy grew up beneath the shadow of his father's sufferance, the darkness of it all had crept into his soul until it had forced him into the outer world. For eleven years he had neither been spoken to nor seen by the people of Canaan.

Mrs. Winters returned from the porch with the red tablecloth. Spreading it carefully over the big extension table she walked about smoothing out the tiniest wrinkles, just as she always smoothed them out after the unnumbered meals so methodically prepared and methodically eaten. This done, her feet led her over to the corner, where she drew a little wooden box from beneath another table, placed it carefully before a high shelf, mounted it, and took down a highly polished lamp. This she lit and placed in the precise centre of the red tablecloth.

The plush covering on the little wooden box was quite worn, as was also a rectangular spot in the woven rag carpet in front of the shelf, for it had been used in this same way a great many times. She returned the box to its place, and going to her sewing machine, took out a small workbasket filled with spools of thread, bright yarn and needles. Before beginning to sew she polished her silvered-bowed glasses and read aloud to herself from a soft-covered Bible placed beside the lamp.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," she read. "Oh, how true that is," she continued aloud. "He has been so good to me. Now if He would only bring back my boy I would trust Him forever."

She sighed deeply and after a pause continued talking aloud: "Oh, if John would only come back how happy I would be.

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I can't believe he's dead, I just can't. Le's see, how long's he been gone? Father's been dead sence nineteen two. That's ten year come this fall, an' John left a year 'fore that. Can it be possible! Oh, how I have missed you—both on you," she added hastily. "But the Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh away. Thank God I'm blessed like I be. But oh, if John would only come back!"

She set aside the sewing which she had begun during her soliloquy and went to the door, where she stood for some time peering into the gathering darkness. Returning to her chair, she began to sew again. Occasionally she made little dabs with her white apron at the tears which kept dropping on her sewing and on her red and wrinkled hands. The mahogany-cased clock ticked steadily.

Suddenly, she heard a sound from the road. Then the gate clicked. It sounded as though some one were coming up the little gravel walk.

"Mercy me, who can that be!" she said, starting up in alarm.

Evening visitors were not frequent with Mrs. Winters. She was too punctual in her retirement, which was always at half past eight.

"Who's that?" she called, as a rap sounded on the screen door.

A voice from the porch answered:

"It's me, ma, John."

"No! It can't be," said Mrs. Winters fearfully.

"Yes, 'tis, ma. Lemme in."

Trembling violently, Mrs. Winters hastened to the door and unhooked it. A broad-shouldered, fair-sized young man entered. He had dark hair and large blue eyes that seemed very alert and to take in a great deal at a glance. His nose was rather sharp, like Mrs. Winters', and he had a chin like hers, pointed and rather weak. He wore a dark suit of some common material, and a navy blue flannel shirt with turn down collar, from which hung a bright blue tie. Mrs. Winters, who had withdrawn a few steps as he entered, rushed to him and threw her arms about his neck.

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"Oh! 'tis, it's my boy!" she cried joyously.

"Hullo, ma," replied the visitor, allowing her to kiss him, after which he tried to disengage her arms from about his shoulders.

"Oh, my boy! the Lord has answered my prayers," said Mrs. Winters, dropping to her knees and laying her head on the table. John, who had crossed the room, turned sharply at her words and said apparently to himself:

"Yep, I thought so. Same old dope."

Mrs. Winters rose and stood unsteadily beside the table, a great fondness showing in her eyes.

"Oh, John, where you been all these years? Mother has missed you so. Why, John, you look just like your Uncle John —bless me! if the boy ain't the livin' image of his uncle," she added as if to herself.

"How you have growed, dear," she said, a little note of pride in her voice. "Where have you been, John? Do tell me."

"Oh, knockin' round; China, 'Urope, 'Laska."

"What, you been to all them places? I can't believe it! Oh, John, how could you?"

"How could I what?"

"Go to 'Urope and Chiney?"

"Why, that's easy 'nuff if you knows how," he replied, looking at her amusedly.

"My, my," she replied, awestruck. "My little John has been to Chiney. It don't seem possible. Did you see your Uncle John over there? He was there last we heard tell on him. How you have growed, dear. Are you——" she hesitated as if at loss for a word.

"Are I what?"

"Never mind, dearie," she answered, adding softly, "father's gone, you know. Been dead this ten year."

"Yep, I know," said John, "a guy told me comin' up."

"Well, well—but don't let's talk about that now, dearie. Oh, John, how glad I be to see you again. But bless me, how I be runnin' on. Mebbe the boy ain't had nothin' to eat. Have you had supper, dear?" she questioned, rising from her chair.

"Nope."

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"Mercy me, the boy must be half starved," said Mrs. Winters, hastening to the kitchen. A sound of rattling dishes came through the kitchen door. John sat down cautiously on an old horse-hair chair and looked about the room with a curious though bored expression. Finally he rose and warily approaching the door to the front room opened it a little. An exhalation of mingled herbs, damp walls and that lethal mustiness of unused rooms and churches swept out to him. Startled, he drew back and closed the door very quickly. Then he went to the porch and brought in a leather suit case which he placed beside the table. Mrs. Winters bustled in, bringing dishes and food. She stumbled against the suit case and exclaimed:

"Mercy, what was that?"

John, who had turned quickly at the sound, replied:

"Oh, that's my grip. I glommed that off'n a farmer in Buff'lo."

"You what, dear?"

"I bought if off'n a farmer in Buff'lo."

"Oh."

John rose and walked about the room, hands in his pockets, watching his mother, who was opening a jar of fruit. The cover did not loosen readily. He saw her struggling with it, but made no attempt to assist her.

"Things ready, ma?"

"Yes, dearie. Set right down here," she replied, pulling a chair to the table for him. She then sat down and watched him as he began eating hungrily.

"Le's see, how long's the old man been dead?"

"Oh, John, I wish you wouldn' speak so 'bout father like that."

"Hey? Like what?" said John, between mouthfuls.

"Father's been dead ten year. He asked for you right up to the last," she added hurriedly.

"Tell me," he questioned, "did he ever say anythin' to you?"

"'Bout what, dear?" asked Mrs. Winters, beginning to cry.

"Aw, cut out the soft stuff, ma. I mean 'bout things—anythin'?"

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"'Bout what, John? He asked for you as I was say——"

"Oh, never mind," said John.

He stopped eating for a moment. Then, looking furtively across at her, he questioned:

"Whatever become of Kather—I mean that Johnson girl?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk 'bout her," said his mother.

"What d' you mean?"

"I don't want to talk 'bout her. Le's talk 'bout somethin' else."

"But tell me," he continued insistently, "where is she?"

"I don't know. They say she's in a bad house in New York."

"Went to the bad, hey?" said John to himself.

"Yes," said Mrs. Winters, overhearing him. "Ain't it awful what things are comin' to, John? She got to stayin' out late nights, an' carryin' on somethin' awful. Her folks turned her out, an' then got her sent down to a home for girls—what they called it. When she come back they wouldn't nobody hire her. She stayed round a spell with all the men in town runnin' after her, 'ntil it got so bad that the women just threatened to tar 'n feather her, an' then she up an' left. They don't nobody seem to know nothin' 'bout her no more."

Mrs. Winters, who had rattled through her remarks about the Johnson girl in great haste, paused a moment to spit upon the end of a thread before threading a needle. Then she continued: "I always said she would come to no good, what with her carryin' on an' drinkin' so. I hope you've never touched a drop of likker, John. Oh, I know you wouldn't. Your father was such a strict tem'prance man, I know you wouldn't touch likker no mor'n he would, would you, John?"

"No?"

"What say, dear?"

"I said no," John replied without looking up.

"Oh, I'm so glad. The Lord be praised for that. I always knew my boy would grow up into a good honest man. I prayed an' prayed that you wouldn't never touch no likker, John. Oh, I'm so glad you come back, dear."

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"Did Kath—I mean that Johnson girl have a baby?" he asked in apparent indifference.

"Oh, John, don't ask your mother such terrible things. I don't know—though they do say they was some strange goin's on 'fore she got sent away. What you been doin' all this time?" she added, hastily striving to turn the conversation into other channels.

"Oh, everythin', mostly people. I wonder what become of the baby?"

"What say, dear? What you been doin'?"

"Everythin', sailorin', soldierin', minin'."

"What! You been a soldier? Oh, John, I would'a been so scared," she said, looking at him as if in fright that very moment.

"Scared? What about?"

"Why to think of you way off there, chargin' them Filly-peenose, an' mebbe gettin' killed."

"They wasn't no chargin'," said John; "at least I never seen none. Soldiers don't never charge no more, they lays down an' shoots from behind somethin'."

Mrs. Winters was silent for a moment. Apparently she did not understand. Then she questioned slowly, in a voice that was almost a whisper: "Did you ever kill any on 'em, John?"

"Naw. I let the rookies do that, I stayed on sick report when they was anythin' doin'."

"What, was you sick, dear? Oh, I'm so sorry. You poor boy, how you must 'a suffered way off there with nobody to take care of you. Dear me."

"I didn't say I was really—— Oh, I pulled through all right, all right," said John complacently.

"You say you don't know where Katherine is? She used to be an awful pretty girl, didn't she?" he went on.

"Yes, I must say she was an awful pretty girl," said Mrs. Winters reluctantly; "too pretty for that kind of a life, I'd say."

"Mebbe that 'counts for it," said John quickly. "Takes pretty ones for to make a livin' at it, I reckon."

"What say? Why, how funny you do talk, John. I was always so glad I didn't let you bring her up here that time,"

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said Mrs. Winters, speaking as if unmindful of his ten years' absence.

A flash of anger showed in John's face.

"Think so!" he said sharply; "mebbe things would'a been diff'rent if you had."

"Your father would never 'low it, dear. He said he seen her with that no-count Jacobson that time, an'—besides, what would folks 'a said?"

"But that was when she was goin' out to work for 'em, time their kid was borned," said John stubbornly.

A short silence followed. They were both thinking very hard. Finally, Mrs. Winters said:

"Your father was a awful strict man, John."

"Yes, an' a lot of good it done him too! He chased me away from home, what with his bein' so strict, an' not 'llowin' me to keep company with—— Oh, hell! what's the use!" he added exasperatedly.

Mrs. Winters began to cry.

"Oh, John, don't speak so 'bout the dead. Mebbe he's right here now, where he can hear us."

"What! you still believe that old dope!" exclaimed John, at the same time glancing fearfully about the room.

"Yes, John. The Bible says——"

"Aw, ferget it, ma."

Mrs. Winters did not reply. She rose and went about clearing away the dishes. The rest of the evening most of the talking was done by her. John answered shortly or not at all. She felt that something strange had come over the boy during his absence. It was something beyond her ken. She felt it, but could not have told just what it was. He seemed indifferent to the things she talked about,—things concerned with the comings and goings of life in and about Canaan, the things she was interested in. He had laughed when she told him that Doctor Smithers owned an automobile now, and said with some meaning she could not fathom: "No wonder, the old grafter!"

Yes, the boy was changed. He looked healthy enough too, except there was that about his eyes which she had never known in the plump-cheeked, dreamy-eyed boy who used to come to

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her with his bee-stings and injured toes, and sometimes his injured feelings too when his father had rebuffed him with his impenetrable silence. She wondered what the change could be. At last, struggling with a peculiar reticence, she decided she would ask him what she had often wondered about, and what she had been wanting to ask him all the evening.

"Tell me, John, dear," she began hesitatingly, "are you——"

"Are I what, rich?" he asked in return. "Naw, I spends mine soon's ever I gets it. That's what it's made for, ain't it?"

"Oh, no, John, that doesn't matter with mother. We've got 'nough to live on—both on us. No, I mean, have you ever —married?"

"Nope—least not the way you mean."

"What say? Well, I'm glad you ain't," and then she added, looking across at him shyly, "mother knows some awful nice girls down to church what would make her boy an awful good wife."

"Wife!" exclaimed John, startled; "I don't want no wife. I got troubles of my own."

"Oh, yes, you do; they all say that," she replied, smiling to herself.

She followed him to the porch where he was rolling a cigarette. "Where you goin', dear?"

"Oh, just takin' a pike around."

"Why John, you ain't smokin', be you? Your father never used tobacco, dear."

"No?" said John. "They was a lot of things he didn't do, I guess."

Mrs. Winters hastened back to the sitting room, threw up a window, and fanned vigorously at a puff of smoke which had entered.

"Oh dear, ain't it terrible what things are comin' to!" she said.

When John had finished his cigarette he returned to the sitting room, stretched his arms, yawned, and said:

"Time to flop, I guess."

"What say, dear?" his mother questioned.

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"Guess I'll pound my ear. Nothin' stirrin' in this burg."

"What say? Oh, you want to go to bed. Course you do. I clean forgot. The boy must be tired out from ridin' them trains. I know time I went down to your Aunt Mary's in Salem I was clean tuckered out. Took us near three hours to get there. Kinder wanted my boy to stay up to-night too, an' tell mother all 'bout things. I got so much to talk 'bout, what with father dyin' an' everythin'."

"What things?"

"Oh, 'bout everythin', Chiney an' 'Urope an' everythin'."

"Oh, they ain't much to tell, they're all the same," said John, yawning again.

"All right, dear. Mother understands her little boy is tired. Here, wait till mother gets you a light, John." As he started to go out through the kitchen door, she added, "No, this way, dear. Mercy me, if the boy ain't forgot the way to his own room!"

For a week Mrs. Winters went about her work filled with a great happiness. Another's presence made a break in the methodical life she had led for so long alone. It manifested itself in a hundred little details about the house, which, had they been occasioned by any other thing than so important an event as her son's return, would have caused her endless worry.

But she was quite content in the mere fact of his return, though he was seldom about the house except at meal times. He spent his days roaming the woods with an old muzzle-loading shot-gun which had been his father's. He never brought anything back from his trips, but Mrs. Winters did not question this. She was too preoccupied in building plans in which he was always the central figure.

She had decided that John needed a wife. She felt that she could be sure of him if once he were married and "settled down." She was even planning to sell a small triangular piece of her farm which jutted into a neighbor's property, and which he had long wanted to buy. She would sell this, she thought, for a good figure. Along with some money she had on deposit at the Canaan National Bank, she would make a first payment on "The Old Allen Place," a short distance down the road. It would make a good home for John; an excellent start toward his set-

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tling down, and toward his marriage,—a matter upon which her heart was set.

She was so proud of him. Now, she could hold her head as high as any of Canaan's mothers who had sons they were proud of, and who, she always felt, had looked upon her childlessness with a sort of pity.

Susie Harding, who had been to the Teacher's Training School in Boston, and was counted a "right smart girl" about Canaan, would make a splendid wife for John, she decided. If he didn't "get set" on Susie, there were others; though, to be sure, Susie was the most desirable of them all. It was said that Susie had a bank account of her own which she had earned as a teacher in the county schools.

Mrs. Winters decided she would even "air out" the front room, and "fix things up," so that John could entertain some of the younger people of the village. Her hopes grew with her visionings. She went about her work with a little song upon her lips which she had not sung since her husband's death.

One morning, a week or so after John's return, they sat at a late breakfast. John had not as yet adjusted himself to her early rising, though doubtless he would as soon as he "got rested up." Mrs. Winters sat, her wrinkled hands fumbling nervously with a fork. John had a copy of *The Canaan Weekly Courier,* which he was reading with a bored expression. He paused frequently to fill his mouth with the crisp fried bacon his mother had heaped upon his plate.

"Mother must tell you, dear, 'bout some plans she has been makin'," said Mrs. Winters, with the tone of one imparting a great secret.

He made no reply, but continued eating and drinking.

"I'm a-figurin' on a nice little home for you, John."

"Home!" he exclaimed; "I don't want no home."

Mrs. Winters felt her heart sink at this strange declaration. What had come over the boy?

"Hullo," said John from behind the paper, "somethin' doin' down in Mexico again. That's me!"

"What's that, John?" said his mother, alarmed at the word "Mexico."

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"Oroz—Oroz somethin' has took the field with three thousand men. Here's where I beat it."

"What, you don't mean you're goin' away, John?"

"Sure! They ain't nothin' stirrin' in this burg."

Mrs. Winters began to cry.

"Oh, John, how can you? An' here I was buildin' such plans for this winter. Oh dear, what will I do? What'll folks say?"

"Do?" said John, laying down his paper, "I don't get you. What d' you mean?"

"Oh, he don't love me no more. John, how can you go down there to that forren place? Why mebbe he'll get killed! Oh, my God, if you should get killed! Oh, what will I do?" she wailed, clasping her wrinkled hands to her head.

"Aw, ferget it, ma."

"I can't ferget it. You're all I got, John."

"Aw, stop your cryin', will you," said John, pushing back his chair impatiently. He got up and went to the porch and smoked a cigarette, after which he returned to the table. Mrs. Winters rocked back and forth in her chair, crying, though silently.

"John, dear, you ain't really goin', be you? How can you? Say you're just tryin' to fool your old mother, dear."

"Sure I'm goin'."

"Oh dear, an' here they ain't nothin' done yet a'tall. Why you ain't even met Susie yet, John."

"Don't matter," said John, "they's lots of Susies."

"Why I was even goin' to sell off——"

She stopped, confronted by so impossible a contingency that she was bereft of speech.

"Ma, you don't understand. Why I gotta go—just gotta."

Mrs. Winters rose, and going to the back of his chair put her arms about his neck.

"No you ain't, dearie. I got 'nough for both on us. We two can get 'long just fine on what I—we got. Oh, say you ain't goin', dear."

"You don't savvy, ma. You see it's this a-way," he said with painful earnestness; "the way I figger it out they's only two

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kinds of people in this here world, them what stays to home, an' them what has to keep on goin.' I'm the kind what has to keep on goin.' Why I just gotta go," he repeated, talking more to himself than to her.

"Why have you, John?"

"Oh, I dunno. I just feel thataway."

"Why you ain't been no place yet, John. I was goin' to take you down to your Uncle Jim's an' to Mary's an' to lots of places. Mary's folks got a fine place, John."

"Aw, I don't want to look at their old places. I been lookin' at nothin' but farms outta side-door Pullmans, comin' all the way from 'Frisco."

"An then, mebbe you'll get sick down there 'mongst all them for'ners, an' I wouldn't know nothin' 'bout it. Don't go, John."

"Gotta, ma."

Mrs. Winters returned to her seat. She sat a long time, unmindful of the scorched milk on the kitchen range. Finally she questioned:

"What'll you be down there, you won't be no soldier, will you?"

"Not me. Oh! I'll just stick around 'n case everythin' ain't fastened. Lots of junk runnin' round loose in them there revolutions sometimes. Time I was down in Venzyweela we like to gotta 'way with——"

"You ain't told me nothin' 'bout your travellin' yet, neither," she interrupted. "Why you ain't been here hardly more'n a week, John."

"That's a week too long."

"How can you?"

"How can I what?"

"Talk like that. Why you was borned and raised here, John, just like your father an' I was. Oh, what has come over the boy sence he growed up?"

"I'll beat it over to York an' see if they's anythin' shippin' to Galveston. If they hain't, why mebbe I'll stop off an' see you if I come back this a-way to Buff'lo."

"But ain't this place all right, dear?"

"Naw. It's just the same as when I went away, same people,

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same houses, eydees, same everythin'. I gotta have a change in mine. An' Kath——"

"But I thought you said places was all alike everywhere, John?"

"Did I?" said John nonplussed. "Well, I didn't mean it thataway. Guess they is some diff'rence when you come to think 'bout it."

Mrs. Winters continued to cry. Pictures of terrible things swarmed through her mind. She felt very old, very helpless, and very much alone. She had always mastered most of the things which had come into her life, but this she felt was beyond her control. It was too unaccountable, too unexpected.

"Oh, I shan't never see you no more, John," she said in a voice choked with tears.

"Aw, sure you will. I'll come back, soon's things get quiet down below."

"Just as sure's I live, somethin' tells me I shan't never see you no more."

"Aw, shucks, ma, ferget it."

"No, I know I ain't goin' to see you again—never," she added with a sigh. "What makes you go, John?"

"I dunno. I feel somethin' inside me tellin' me to go, ma, that's all."

He went to the door, where he stood for a long time, looking out across the hills of Canaan to where the outer world called to him. Somehow, there was so much out there, so very, very much, and it beckoned him in a panorama of movement and excitement and chance. He turned and looked at his mother, a strange quizzical expression in his glance, a note in his voice as though profoundly stirred, as he said half to himself:

"She don't understand me. I don't believe wimmin understands men nohow."

Mrs. Winters laid her head on the table, moving her hands about the grotesque patterns of the big red table cloth on which her tears were falling as they trickled off her red and wrinkled fingers.

"I don't believe he understands me," she said. "I don't believe men understands wimmin anyhow."

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THE POTTERY OF MUMMIES

MILLICENT TODD

NEARLY everybody makes collections in Lima. In the ancient house of a marquis with its court fountain, bougainvillea, and tall Norfolk Island pine, were benches of ebony with lower rounds worn into hollows by the feet of nuns; embroidered muslin stoles; queer manuscripts; tortoise-shell combs tall enough to be filled in with flowers; silver porringers; and a point lace parasol with a carved ivory handle—all relics of vice-regal days.

One room was musty as seventeen mummies could make it. Fifteen *soles,* they told us, was the price of a mummy. There were ancient inlaid chests filled with cases of butterflies from beyond the mountains, huge snake-skins, overgrown orioles' nests, necklaces of mummies' teeth, and carved cases of *huacos* dug from Yunca grave-mounds—the pottery of mummies. Partly filled with water and rocked back and forth, the quaint things gave forth the same little half-whistle, half-sigh which notified their owners a thousand years ago that the precious water was being stolen. A soft bubbling, somewhere within the clay form, was supposed to imitate the voice of the animal painted on the outside. The liquids were meant to refresh a thirsty mummy on his death journey. He still holds his aching head. But the varnished lips were never parted, and the gurgling liquid of smoky flavor has never been sipped.

These jars were the ephemeral tablets on which a whole people chose to leave records of itself. The work of their hands can be held in ours. We can look into the staring Indian faces or upon the weird animals which pleased them, shining under a glaze which is the forgotten accomplishment of those remote tribes.

There are finely drawn portraits of the dead man's friends whom he may have wished as fellow pilgrims, heads of men and women singing or smiling, some distorted with pain: the human face twisted to the same lines then as now.

Wonderful fish glide among aquatic plants, the fox enam-

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ored of the moon languishes along her thin crescent. "The sneaking cat, the sleepy pelican, the supercilious, impudent parrot," in softest yellow, white, red-brown or black, glance all the iris shades under a purple glaze.

It was not enough to paint the manners and customs of the people, the fauna and flora of their country; they chose also to represent what they thought and believed as well as the adjustment of their sandals. We can peer into their monstrous, often loathsome, mythology and into their intangible land of fancy. Cats fight with griffins. A lizard with the face of an owl wears a jacket and bracelets. A chieftain in full regalia has a girdle ending in a fringe of almond-eyed, many-footed scorpions, each with a different number of feet. With snakes' heads as earrings, a warrior with canine teeth smaller than the snail with forked tongue beside him is fishing for an octopus with a snake-line, whose head as bait has caught a man. Crab-hands grasp from ears at a fleeing figure with a snake-like body, numerous feet intermingled with a human leg, two arms with nippers and a fantastic head with waving antennæ. A cactus forms the background.

The sun looks forth from the heart of a star-fish. A fanciful eye, all alone, with unknown appendages and impossible proboscis, glitters under its dark, lustrous sheen. A ghastly face with wings presides at a dance of stags. And here is a vessel completely covered by a pair of elaborated nippers! In it are placed some passion flowers, a whirl of purple and black.

Every uncanny suggestion in an animal is worked out to complete development. We may do the Yuncas the honor to call it allegorical. It recalls the Mexican legend that "the present order of things will be swept away, perhaps by hideous beings with the faces of serpents, who walk with one foot, whose heads are in their breasts, whose huge hands serve as sunshades, and who can fold themselves in their immense ears."

It is primarily this portrait pottery which proves the great antiquity of races in Peru. And the deeper one digs the finer the designs.

Sitting on the ebony bench with the skin of a jaguar across its back, we ate *dulces* made of eggs, and drank tea out of an-

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cient porcelain against a background of embroidered Spanish shawls. A yellow bird, a *cheireoque,* who knows everything, sat upon a perch, but did not sing.

IN THE MATERNITY WARD

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

IS this the place? So still!—as with the hush
That follows storm.
Each on her narrow bed, they quiet lie—
They who, so young, have been so near to die—
Seeming of life but effigy and form.

How fair these girlish faces with closed eyes!
Passion and strife
Seem far from them; are these beyond their reach?
Nay, see!—high-cradled at the foot of each,
A tender new-born miracle of life.

On slippered feet the nurses to and fro
Move noiselessly.
A feeble cry!—a sigh half breathed in sleep!
But who is this that vigil here doth keep—
What presence of august benignity?

O strangely moving vision! I behold
The Mighty Mother!—
She who, wandering friendless and forlorn,
Sought far and near the child herself had borne,
Finding nor help nor comfort in another.

Over the weakness here so proven strength,
She, heavenly,
Bends down; and, lo! the room becomes a shrine
And hallowed altar for a love divine,—
Pure as her love for lost Persephone!

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THE BOHEMIAN CLUB GROVE PLAY

HERBERT E. CORY

IT is pleasant to fancy how the mighty men of Elizabeth's day, who found the life of deeds and the life of dreams by no means incompatible, would have gazed down the long avenue of the future at the life of that New World which so fired the imaginations of their explorers and poets. What if they could have seen the great, gaunt buildings rise and could have heard the thunder of commerce? And what if they could have dreamed of a band of toilers in the farthest West of this western World turning from " snorting steam and piston stroke " to seek purification and peace for a time in a consecrated forest? What if they could have seen this band of toilers making spectacles as gorgeous as those with which they themselves had bespelled queen and court? What if they could have seen the toilers watching Care, whose lives are innumerable, slain yearly in the magic twilights of a forest theatre and watching through the baleful glow of his funeral pyre, the straight, proud redwoods pierce the sky? Would their lips have curled at an implication, so characteristic of our age, that poetry is an escape from life? Would they with an energy akin to Walt Whitman's have bidden men flout Care, turn back, find their poetry in the tumultuous streets of their city and in a faith in the spirit of the age? Such might have been their hasty judgment.

But if they could have known the real temper of these men of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco they would never have branded them with Alexandrianism. For so sturdy is this faith of Bohemia that in 1906, when the wrath of earthquake and fire had driven many of the Bohemians far from the black ruins of their city club-house, an undaunted remnant sought the forest to rear high the funeral pyre for the grim corpse of Care. These men had seen Care, visioned as a ghastly skeleton who threatened the Indian inhabitants of the woods, vanish before the calm gaze of a white hero.* And though they had seen Care return

* *The Man in the Forest, A Legend of the Tribe.* By Charles K. Field. Music by Joseph D. Redding.

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as Meledon, yet Apollo, even through the grace of the "pale Galilean," had felled the monster with an arrow from his golden bow.* With all this, now at last Care had come in no bugbear stage habiliments, had devastated their city, and had slain many of their brothers. Truly these Bohemians were cursed by no world-weary spirit when they went reverently as before to their forest. They might have said within their hearts, "We cannot lay the apparition of Care." But they went in procession, singing, to bear the corpse to the pyre as of old.†

To write in praise of such men (whether they be men of genius or not), will hardly incur the laughter aroused by the unfortunate enthusiast who prepared a huge tome on the poets and poetry of Buffalo. The grove-spirit alone, apart from the quality of its expression in art, cannot be lightly passed by as a matter of merely local import. From entertainments in the city club-house and from simple forest-festivals here has grown a most elaborate music-drama and ritual. To the conservative and imaginative New Englander the term "High Jinks" might well connote a forest orgy in which men with lowering sombreros and fierce mustachios reel about "shooting up" God's first temples. As a matter of fact, in August, the Bohemians ride quietly enough up the coast in a wheezy little train past tumbled brown hills and great green webs of vineyards till they reach the Russian River, where they plunge into the sudden shelter of the redwood forest which they bought for their annual rites. Here they camp for some days and make the wood merry with song until on Saturday night they sit down before their wonderful forest theatre to see Care slain. Let me quote from Porter Garnett's setting for *The Green Knight,* which is but a description of the theatre.

"It is just before moonrise. The place is at the foot of a wooded hillside in a forest of gigantic trees. In the foreground there is an open space or glade, around which the trees rise to a great height. Their branches, bearing heavy foliage, extend to

* *The Hamadryads, A Masque of Apollo.* By Will Irwin. Music by W. J. McCoy.

† *The Owl and Care, A Spectacle.* By Charles K. Field. Music by Humphrey J. Stuart.

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a height as great again and are lost in the blackness of the night sky. The nearest trees frame the view of the glade and hillside. The latter is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. As the moon rises it may be seen that the slope at the back of the glade is an open space more or less irregularly inclosed by trees. It terminates well up the ascent at a group of three trees. Beyond, a dense growth of foliage shuts off from view the upper part of the hill. Below this point the terraces of the path are covered with ferns and vines, through which a winding path, wholly concealed by the luxuriant foliage, crosses and recrosses the hillside at different levels. It reaches the floor of the glade at the back and on the left, from which point it ranges upward and into the wood on that side."

Nothing daunts the imagination of the Bohemians. They have conjured back the cave-men from the days when the plesiosaur "linked with the giant bat in ghastly war" and the sabre-toothed tiger went ravening down to his death in those dread tar pools as awful as the grim flood flanked by wolf-crags where Beowulf found Grendel's witch-mother.* The possibilities of this unique theatre, with its natural proscenium of giant redwoods and its almost vertical rear-stage, stimulated Professor H. Morse Stephens to turn his lore to the making of a drama in the climax of which Saint Patrick awed the Irish kings and druids by conjuring up a great white cross, miraculous, in the black depths of night. At another time the armor of thronging vikings flashed in the glade. Their fierce songs of drink and war rang like steel until they were silenced by malevolent Loki, barbaric, red, with a huge serpent around his neck. The hillside glared with vivid fire at the twilight of the gods. Down the hillside crawled a fire-breathing dragon. But Baldur, the Christ of the Norsemen, appeared on a crag shining, benignant. By his silver spears the dragon was slain.†

The forest motive was made happily emphatic by George Sterling who, in his *Triumph of Bohemia,* made allegorical legend of the history of the club's grove. We behold the tree-

* *The Cave Man.* By Charles K. Field. Music by W. J. McCoy.

† *The Sons of Baldur, A Forest Music-Drama.* By Herman Scheffauer. Music by Arthur Weiss.

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spirits in concourse. Abruptly the fierce Wind-Spirits enter with dire threats.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST-WIND

"My cloudy walls look down upon the sea,
And mine unresting children walk her tides.
I am the West-Wind. I shall leap the wall
The mountains rear, and smite you on the flank.
I, lord of all the sea, shall rend your limbs
Even as I strike to foam the howling wave."

SPIRIT OF THE EAST-WIND

"Behold me! I am Master of the East!
The white Sierras are my granite throne—
The pathless desert is my resting place.
The world is but my harp, and from its chords
I lift a dolorous music to the sky.
I, pitiless, shall tread you down, O Trees!"

But the tree-spirits stand firm and the North-Wind crowns his threats by the summons of Fire.

"At the highest point on the hillside, which has hitherto been shrouded in darkness, the Spirit of Fire appears in a burst of flame; . . . a jet of flames is seen to issue from his helmet; and the next instant he is bounding down the hillside. In his hand he carries a torch in the form of a scourge from which intermittent flames fly upward. Flames issue from his helmet again and again and leap from the earth along his path. . . . His costume is a mingling of orange and red tongues of flame, a gorget and short corslet of golden scale armor, golden sandals, and a helmet-like crown of polished metal fashioned in spicated rays resembling flames." *

Darkness falls and the elemental Forces wage terrible war. But gradually the moonlight brightens all and at the same time there sounds forth the victory chorus of the tree-spirits.

They know not, however, of enemies more sinister who are now approaching. Enter a band of uncouth woodmen armed with keen axes for irresistible deadly work. They are goaded

* *The Bohemian Jinks. A Treatise.* By Porter Garnett.

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on by Mammon, who strikes the ground with his mace, opening a cave which reveals an alluring recess flooded with golden light whence come four gnomes bearing heavy bags. But the demon is confronted by a radiant champion, the Spirit of Bohemia, before whom the wavering foresters presently kneel. Furiously Mammon rushes down the hillside to death. Bohemia and his reverent followers mount the lower hillside and gather about the body while the gracious spirit gives his final injunctions.

> "See, betraying Death
> Hath changed that visage, and proclaimed to all
> That where high Mammon stood and shook his mace,
> There, masked in undisclosing gold, stood Care!
> But come, O friends, and hale his body hence.
> Thou, Fire, shalt have thine utmost will of him,
> Till ye, O Winds, make merry with his dust."

The idea of making a play in perfect harmony with the sequoias of Bohemia has been carried to a climax by Mr. Porter Garnett, the literary editor of *The San Francisco Call*. He is at once the most radical and the most conservative of the club's members. He is most reverently conservative in his devotion to the forest and to the purely ritualistic aspect of the grove-play which seems to have arisen and assumed formal proportions almost unconsciously. Now many of the Bohemians are tempted to essay drama that will be free from this restricting form. To be sure many of the supreme poets of the world have elected to cast their new thoughts in the exacting moulds of conventional forms. But granted that the restrictions of the form are not objectionable there are still other reasons, think many Bohemians, to justify them in relinquishing the old ideal. Why kill Care with pompous mummery on Saturday night only to go back on Monday to the hounding discord of the mart and find the monster leering at you with bloodshot eyes? Moreover why not abandon ritualistic plays for the grove alone in favor of drama with more popular elements that can be taken out of the grove to the crowded theatres of vast cities? But let us consider carefully this ritualistic conception lest we pass too lightly beyond it. I have said that it grew unconsciously, by a kind of inspiration. With the midsummer "jinks" of 1881,

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when the holiday entertainment was as simple as a picnic, came the first ceremony of the Cremation of Care, a mere excuse for red fire. And from this grew *The Triumph of Bohemia* and *The Green Knight*. Here in commercial America has grown up a blithe ritual that has something of the earnestness and joy that gave perfection to Greek thought and kept it both from the desolate frowning crags of asceticism and the hectic roses and raptures of Venusberg. Suppose, now, a historian of twentieth century American literature pondering over the bewildering currents of our age of literary anarchy. He would see an age with a hundred jarring sects, the counterpart of the last decades of the seventeenth century in England when there were schools of belated Elizabethan romanticists, of decadent Marinists, of French classicists; when the supreme poet of the age (since Milton stood bitterly apart from it) was Dryden, a man of chameleonlike if sincere faiths and recantations, political, literary, religious. Suppose this sage historian should be suddenly startled by his discovery of the forest plays of Bohemia and their ritual with its joyousness so much more Greek than the melancholy neo-paganism that so often calls itself Greek nowadays. It would not matter if Bohemia had produced no poet comparable with the dreamer Yeats or the decadent Dowson. Would it not startle our commentator into delighted eloquence?

With his devotion to the ritual of the grove uppermost in his mind Mr. Garnett has endeavored to create the "'Other World of Dreams' peopled with beings of fancy whose existence is of the present as is the existence of the unsubstantial creatures that visit us in sleep." We can easily feel the inspiration of the ritual that Mr. Garnett would preserve. But it is open to question whether he is justified in formulating certain other rules as binding which he considers to have been sanctified by the development of the grove-play.

"The setting should have no relation to geography. With the opportunity that the writers of grove plays have to get away from the artificial conditions of the playhouse it seems unwise for them to demand an adjustment that is not only psychologically impossible but unnecessary. For this reason I maintain that the scene of a grove play should be as it has been in most of

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them, simply 'a forest.' . . . For similar reasons, the time should be indeterminate."

In consequence Mr. Garnett has made his setting the Bohemian Club Grove in the twentieth century. Through the wizardry of a charming prologue he would transport us to the "Other-World of Dreams." Nothing could be more alluring and successful. But when we arrive in the dim Other-World we are confronted by knights in full armor, by people who make Latin prayers, and by a champion who hints that he is of those who guard the Holy Grail. In the language of prose we are asked to imagine ourselves asleep and dreaming of an action that occurs some time in the age of chivalry. So insinuating, so unique is the influence of the grove-theatre upon its audience that such a method carries conviction with it. Yet after all Mr. Garnett has only succeeded in asking his audience to make what is perhaps a somewhat less exacting use of their dramatic credulity than the author of *Saint Patrick at Tara* demanded, and he has rejected that more potent means of dramatic appeal that arises from the association of an action with a great and actual event from the splendid pages of history or from legends perfected by the subtle hands of the centuries and by the cumulative treatment of many poets. From such shapings came the Homeric poems that were as real to the Greeks as scripture and the Arthurian saga that fired the political ambitions and independence of the new and cosmopolitan English races who sought grounds for union and common national pride after the Conquest. What Mr. Garnett has considered to be the necessities of his stage has induced him to adopt for this particular purpose that ultra-romantic worship of illusion for illusion's sake which is a vain attempt to cure the scepticism of modernity with another sublimated form of scepticism. This misguided worship of illusion is peculiar to modern romanticism; it has widened, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, an unnecessary chasm between the artist and the public; and it comes from the misinterpretation of a certain aspect of mediæval romance which came largely from the Celts and which received its most popular and most perfect treatment in the Arthurian saga. But the Celt did not torture himself by talking of illusions. For the Celt

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Arthur's journey to Avalon was not illusion but conviction. We have the testimony of certain monks of Laon who made an expedition to Cornwall in 1113 that a Cornish cripple was ready to fight in a holy sanctuary for his belief that Arthur still lived. Of such quality, though tinged with the note of the tragic, is Oisin's superb defiance of the doctrines of Saint Patrick. And the greatest treatments of the Arthurian story, from Nennius to Richard Hovey, have been those that have come the nearest to restating in terms of conviction the simple faith of that old fire-eating Cornishman. It is the militant distrust of the public by the poets far more than the caprice of the public itself which is responsible for the situation in latter-day poetry which Mr. Garnett himself symbolizes in his character of the Green Knight as "the ultimate loneliness of the artist."

Yet, after the last shaft of adverse criticism has been launched, Mr. Garnett's censor must see the lure in his method. We sit down in darkness before the hillside and gaze at the stately dark cohorts of sequoias. The silence endures; the suspense is a new kind of insinuating suspense that does not excite but lull. Faintly from the darkness comes the arpeggio of a harp that does not startle but lures our minds dreamily into the mysterious glade beyond. A dim light appears between two trees and grows slowly into a golden glow. From the thicket between the two trees there steps forth Neotios, a naked young god, sweeping his harp dreamily. Wonderingly he speaks, invokes the forest, and lures us to slumber with his gentle words and music. Slowly he leaves the glade and the rippling chords of his cithara form the introduction to the prelude which begins with an interpretation of the mysteries of the forest and the night. Certain motives, especially those of the Green Knight and the Black Knight, foreshadow episodes of the vision.

The adroitness with which the music is here used to heighten the visionary mood of the spectator is only one of the many examples of the delicacy with which poetic and musical values have been adjusted in *The Green Knight*. Herein Mr. Garnett is the most radical of Bohemians. Aria, recitative, and chorus, the passionate declamation of Wagner and the subtler musical dialogue of Debussy have been alike rejected for a new and most

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striking adjustment of poetry and music. The voice may speak alone (it never sings), or it may speak accompanied by the orchestra, or the orchestra may carry on the action without words. For this delicate adjustment of music and poetry Mr. Garnett has been singularly fortunate in his musician, Mr. Edward G. Stricklen.

In the first episode of the play proper music and poetry combine in an exquisite and an absolutely new kind of unison. As the prelude closes a new motive enters and the lithe figure of the Elf-King approaches as his motive is developed until the rays of the rising moon fall upon him.

"Over a green hose he wears a short, close-fitting tunic of overlapping green leaves, touched with red and gold. His high sandals are of gold; he wears a head-dress of gold and jewels, fashioned in the form of an owl. He carries a golden wand tipped with jewels."

The Elf-King apostrophizes the night:

"At last
Thy shadowy cloak is cast
Upon the woodland's floor.
What mysteries outpour
From forest chambers vast,
From agèd trees and hoar,
Proud heritors of lore,
Rich coffers of the past!
What golden music sifts
Among the boughs, and lifts
Its melody on high
Where like a flower drifts
The moon across the sky!"

Those delicate spoken words are arranged in such a rhythmical pattern that they fall in exact unison with the notes of the accompanying music. With a kind of subdued ecstasy the Elf-King summons the graceful moonbeams who now appear high on the path. As the moonbeams descend and sink momentarily to the ground with their filmy draperies around them, a beautiful and persistent motive in the orchestra changes in rhythm to a slow, swaying dance and mounts upward in a series of curious exquisite modulations. The moonbeams rise and glide about,

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moving rhythmically their flowing draperies. Now from the hillside the Elf-King summons goblins and elves and with a crackling of twigs a host of parti-colored, tiny creatures pour from their hiding-places in the shrubbery and scamper down the hill to the glade where they dance in gay confusion.

But during these innocent happy rites the Care theme enters under the sprightly dance melody, low, sinister, and suddenly leaps up the scale in a fierce abrupt rhythm. The forest folk disappear stealthily as the Black Knight appears on the lower hillside dragging a boy prince after him to the middle of the glade, where he hurls him violently to the ground. The speech of the Elf-King is, as we have seen, in dainty trimeters. The Black Knight speaks appropriately in solemn pentameter verse. In the employment of different metres to assist definitely and consistently in the delineation of character, as "a kind of poetic leit-motif," Mr. Garnett carries to a happy precision that variation of rhythms in lyrical drama which has been familiar to European readers from the days of Æschylus to those of Swinburne.

To heighten the prince's misery Care summons his henchman, Madalor, a hideous, misshapen dwarf, to herd in his wretched prisoners. Madalor hears and shambles off, growling forth his relish of the business in foul language. With his return, followed by the captives, we behold a most impressive scene. The orchestra heralds their approach with a sinister stalking theme derived from the Care motive. As Madalor shouts with brutal exultation, the first of the captives straggle in. Slowly they come, in dejected small groups or singly, walking with bowed heads. As they slowly fill the glade, the music parallels the effect with a gradual crescendo which reaches a ferocious and truly appalling climax. Vainly, in agony, the prince tries to light the fire of remembrance in the dull eyes of many old comrades. Finally he succeeds with aged Archolon who enters last. The Black Knight gloats over their common grief, not yet crushed to lifeless despair, and redoubles his threats. He leaves the glade followed shortly by Madalor, who drives off the captives with the human thigh-bone which he wields and turns to enforce his master's words with his own grovelling ribaldry.

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The prince flings himself on the ground. A harp plays a series of arpeggios that merges into a melody which expresses musically the despair of the prince. After the music has been thus heard for some time, the Elf-King enters with elves and goblins. The brisk dance begins once more and the Elf-King comforts the prince. While he speaks sounds of approaching steps are suggested by the subdued resonance of the *tympani* in an almost hesitant rhythm. The forest folk disappear drawing the prince into the shrubbery. Mystical strains sketch vaguely the theme of the deliverer. Gradually this music shapes itself definitely into the most brilliant and individual creation of Mr. Stricklen, the Green Knight motive, a heroic dazzling phrase. There follows a scene that to one weary of the tinsel of the modern theatre brings a rare exaltation with its perfect, unassuming splendor. High on the topmost path of the wooded hillside appears the mounted figure of the Green Knight in full armor. As he rides slowly down the hillside it becomes apparent that his visor is lowered but that his shield bears the device of a redwood tree, and as he approaches glittering on the winding path the orchestra sounds his motive over and over again exultantly in a royal, polonaise-like rhythm.

The Black Knight enters mounted and hurls savage defiance. Together they ride forth to deadly conflict. The prince ventures forth and Archolon and the captives reappear from the other side. As the clash of combat rises they kneel in fervent prayer. Their supplications are expressed in simple prose invocations and by the orchestra in an austere chorale which varies antiphonally with the wild, barbarous phrases of the Conflict music. Through it all now thunders the motive of Care, now rings forth the bright trumpet tones of the Green Knight phrase. The new methods of the music-drama are here most happily apparent in the deliberate rejection of a singing chorus and their artistic fitness is triumphantly proved by the simple, dignified realism of the scene.

The Green Knight rides in victorious with the swart head of Care. In the distance a horn sounds and is heard again and again, nearer and nearer. While Archolon addresses grateful words to the silent champion, the prince recognizes the horns of

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his father's company and sends some of the liberated captives with torches to meet him. At last the Green Knight makes as though to break his long silence. With an august gesture he raises his visor, and miraculous light floods his countenance. The horn calls become a fanfare which merges in a stirring march. Over the crest of the hill come the mounted knights of the king in flashing armor. The king turns to give the bright stranger courtly thanks. Courteously the Green Knight makes answer. The poet has happily chosen as the champion's distinguishing form of utterance a long, swinging, trochaic measure, the unusual cadences of which enhance the stateliness of the mysterious stranger. As the company departs the knight bequeathes his sword to the prince. He remains alone while the area of moonlight is gradually reduced—as if clouds were passing across the face of the moon—until only the lower hillside where he stands is illumined. The Green Knight keeps silence for a time; then he speaks solemnly the old but forever impressive praise of the benignant divinity of Beauty. The trochaic line given him in his other speeches is here slightly varied to the rarely used, beautiful hendecasyllabic to lend distinction to the last, hymn-like utterance. Meanwhile the music begins the announcement of the theme of Beauty, a serene and clear phrase, severely simple, in C-major. Solemnly the stranger invokes Jesu, Son of God. Then as a glorious light bursts forth above the hillside, the knight ascends the slope, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration. His ascent is accompanied by music which closes with the culminating expression of the theme of Beauty.

The close is interesting not only for its beauty but for its exemplification of the peculiar technique of the forest theatre. Its perfect artistry reveals the fallacy of applying here the ordinary technique of the modern city stage. And after all a real artist generally makes his own rules, as Mr. Arthur Symons has pointed out in his delightful *On Crossing Stage to Right.* A striking tableau would be obviously as inappropriate in this curtainless theatre as on the old Elizabethan stage which extended into the pit. In the slow ascent of the Green Knight Mr. Garnett has at once shown his excellent appreciation of the

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exigencies of his unique stage and he has expressed with singular charm his winning if fallacious conception of the "ultimate loneliness of the artist."

To conceive his drama, as Mr. Garnett has done, with so much conservatism closely allied with so much radicalism is to invite misapprehension and much adverse criticism. But Mr. Garnett has had the courage and the sincerity to face the issue. I have already quarrelled with Mr. Garnett's conception of "the ultimate loneliness of the artist." Let me close with what will seem inconsistent to the casual reader only—an avowal of admiration for the consistency, courage, and absolute sincerity which has shown his comrades the true path which their beautiful ritual should follow.

THE POET OF THE SLUMS

FRANK E. HILL

I

The thousands billow past him as he stands
In rags not even purple; eyes alight
On some far patch of heaven, his idle hands
Fumbling before him; Greek and Pole and Jew
Are mildly merry at the curious sight
Of one that will not hurry, hurry on
When the swift day leaps upward from the dawn
And there is much to do.

II

And yet no less than they he has a task,
For in the east where tenuous globes of steam
And daybreak blend, he sees the hateful mask
That hides the inner beauty of the world
Fall, and the lights and shadows of a dream
Move thro' the sky! The scoffers cannot see;
For him the essence of eternity
And wonder lies unfurled.

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JAMES STEPHENS AND THE POETRY OF THE DAY

ROBERT SHAFER

IT is now many years since Mr. George Moore first told us that he was so remarkable in spite of his being an Irishman, and by no means on account of it. At the time we all believed him, believed that in this case he was no less the conscientious narrator of the truth than in that of poor, unlovable Esther Waters. But even Mr. Moore cannot be infallible. Times will change, and with them our opinions also; and nowadays the terrible fact is being borne in upon us that all good Celts are remarkable. From the Aran Isles to sophisticated Dublin they are all prodigies, and there are hosts of them who are daily engaged in doing little but the proving of this fact. As I ponder over the startling change, almost literally dozens of names come to mind in confirmation of my thought, names famous for the achievements in literature that they denote, names known, as one says, wherever the English language is spoken.

How proper, then, and how natural it is that at least one of these Celts should be among that little group of four men who, though probably not the best known, certainly seem to be about the most significant figures in present day English literature. This distinction I would claim, with sufficient reason as I hope to show, for Mr. James Stephens, a young man who is, I believe, so prosaic a thing as a solicitor's clerk in a Dublin office.

It was about a month after the death of Swinburne, that is, in May, 1909, that a very small volume of strange verse appeared in Dublin—*Insurrections,* by Mr. James Stephens—and this book made several of my friends and myself feel that here were the beginnings of a fresh and novel movement in English poetry. We might have "discovered" the signs of this movement somewhat earlier, it is true, if we had chanced to see any of the slender volumes of Mr. William H. Davies, that man who, with the sanction of *The English Review,* once upon a time "grunted to feel its charm." For his work is instinct to a certain degree with the same fundamental qualities which make so significant the poetry of Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Wilfrid Wil-

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son Gibson, and Mr. Stephens. But it seems to me that it was peculiarly appropriate that we should have made our "discovery" just when we did.

At this time the hearts of all the critics were overburdened with grief. This was praiseworthy in them, of course, though a few of us may have felt some relief at knowing that the last of the great Victorian poets was dead. The most of us, however, had a sense of personal loss, as it were. To know, after a century packed almost too full of great poets, that there was no longer a single one alive gave us a feeling of insecurity. We were sure that something serious must have gone wrong with the world, that we should be left without a single great poet to receive our insults, and our abuse, and our lack of patronage. It was this feeling rather than one of real sorrow that seemed dominant in the breasts of the reviewers and the critics. Some even went so far as to say that the age of great poetry had passed, that since it was no longer being written it never would be, and that in the future we would find more adequate means of expression in vector analyses, ugly iron bridges, model roads, and other wildly impossible things. All this was creditable enough, and it succeeded in filling a certain amount of space which had to be filled in some periodicals. Besides this, it was even interesting at times, for it spoke eloquently for that superficiality of mind which has become notorious in the critical profession.

Superficiality of mind, I said. It is a distasteful expression to have to use, but surely anyone who is acquainted at all with the nature of life and of poetry must realize that the culmination of the one will never be reached until that of the other is also. And besides this there has been all the while the growing evidence of a new development in the progress of English poetry right under the noses, so to speak, of these gentlemen, without their so much as perceiving it.

The verse in *Insurrections* varies in quality, as the earliest work of most young men does, and it contains echoes, more or less unmistakable, of Mr. Stephens' reading. His second volume of verse, *The Hill of Vision,* published early in 1912, shows every sign of progress toward more complete mastery, and

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toward characteristic and individualized expression, though unevenness, as is perhaps to be expected, has by no means been entirely obviated. The most evident quality of this poetry is its artlessness—I use the word in its primary significance;—it is literally uncouth at times, and it is as far removed as possible from that polish and finish, that mastery of technique, which was so characteristic of the poetry of the nineties. Academics who are able to see nothing in verse beyond the quality of its technique and the "influences" which are to be ferreted out in it have been rather contemptuous of this new work. Of course it does have most of the defects they claim for it, if in the final sense of the word they are defects; but assuredly even we, who are sometimes so bold as to distrust academic judgments, would not be finding our youngest poets worthy of praise if we did not perceive in them a new *spirit* which transcends all questions of mere form.

Along with the artlessness of Mr. Stephens' poetry, however, there goes a great love of crudeness, of broad colors thickly laid on, of unlovely words and startling comparisons, a love of elemental things and of more primitive people. At first sight it appears to be a return to earlier, more elemental conditions; but the better we comprehend it the more clearly we see that this it is not, that it is rather one of the manifestations of a new spirit which is animating all European life and thought. We see the same thing in the work of Mr. Davies, Mr. Masefield, and Mr. Gibson. We see the same thing in some contemporary French poetry. We see it too in the productions of our post-impressionist and "futurist" painters. Fundamentally it all points in two directions, and above all it points forward—it is a repudiation of that false development which leads to the merely "precious" in art and literature and manners, and at the same time it is the first real poetry of socialism, it is instinct through and through with a feeling for humanity in the whole. Before going on to speak of the peculiarly personal qualities of Mr. Stephens' verse, let me quote a few lines from *Insurrections* which show well enough—as well, that is, as can be done in such a limited space—the characteristics we have just been glancing at:

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"My enemy came nigh,
And I
Stared fiercely in his face.
My lips went writhing back into a grimace,
And stern I watched him with a narrow eye.
Then, as I turned away, my enemy,
That bitter heart and savage, said to me:
'Some day, when this is past,
When all the arrows that we have are cast,
We may ask one another why we hate,
And fail to find a story to relate.
It may seem to us then a mystery
That we could hate each other.'
Thus said he,
And did not turn away
Waiting to hear what I might have to say,
But I fled quickly, fearing if I stayed
I might have kissed him as I would a maid."

The poetry of Mr. Stephens is, of course, much less obviously socialist than is, for example, Mr. Gibson's; but none the less it is animated by the same fundamental note, that of love for the whole of humanity. In Mr. Stephens, however, this love becomes increasingly a joyful affair. It extends itself generously until it covers the whole world with its brightness, including the birds and the beasts of the fields:

"No more of woeful Misery I sing!
Let her go moping down the pavèd way;
While to the sunny fields, and everything
That laughs, and to the little birds that sing,
I pass along and tune my happy lay:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!"

This note of joyfulness, so unmistakably from the heart that it thrills me even when merely thinking of it, runs all through *The Hill of Vision,* only broken here and there by a few pictures of that blank, hopeless misery of the poor, the perception of which has had such a powerful effect on Mr. Gibson and Mr. Masefield. Indeed, I think that this perception of the ultimate, elemental joy which lies at the heart of nature and of man is one of the best things about Mr. Stephens.

But along with this there go other things, equally significant

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of the power and reach of his genius. Other people may have just as vivid a realization of the spirit of youth as Mr. Stephens has, but if they do they appear not to be able to give expression to it. In *Said the Young-Young Man to the Old-Old Man* I seem to perceive not so much the voice of Mr. Stephens as that of youth itself incarnate. Certainly the quality of insight there displayed is something more than merely unusual; and we become aware of the same quality in a much more limited field if we turn to *Peador Óg Goes Courting,* the picture of a young Irish peasant's mind as he goes through the fields, on his way to put a very serious question to the father of his sweetheart. In *The Sootherer,* again, Mr. Stephens shows us in a wholly delightful way his comprehension of childhood. Things one would have sworn one had completely forgotten come trooping back over the avenue of years as if at a magic call—and indeed there have been moments when I have fancied that there must be something of magic in Mr. Stephens' method. He seems to have penetrated to the very springs of human character, and he has come back from his mysterious journey with a power at once kindly and comprehending—surely a wonderful and exceptional thing! Mr. Stephens is usually, though not invariably, at his worst when dealing with age. What he says of old age seems at times to be so untrue as to be really comforting, at other times he appears to evade the question, and once or twice he becomes merely funny, as in *Nothing at All.* In his understanding of woman, however, he is again more than exceptional, even though when he is writing of Eve he does make her out to have been a surprisingly ontological person. And after all, the most consistent note of these poems is that of a fundamental, almost inarticulate joy, inherent in the nature of man.

> "O peacefulness that never has been told!
> O far away!
> Over the pine trees and the mountain top,
> Never to stop
> Lifting wide wings, to fly and fly and fly
> Into the sky."

Mr. Stephens is not only a poet, however, he is a novelist as well. His first novel appeared serially in *The Irish Review,*

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and was published in America, with the title *Mary, Mary,* in the fall of 1912. In England the book was published under the title of *The Charwoman's Daughter.* Mr. Stephens' second novel, *The Crock of Gold,* was published in January of the present year. I can easily understand why these novels—if indeed *The Crock of Gold* can really be called a novel—have been accorded a readier appreciation than Mr. Stephens' verse. His verse is significant, surely, but it is significant largely by way of promise, it is more in the nature of prophecy than fulfilment. It is as a guiding hand raised up in a desert, pointing the way toward a strange and new development. But in his novels there is more of visible fulfilment. They can be judged for what they are, I think, even by the timid and mysterious " general public," rather than for that toward which they point.

The first novel is the story of Mary Makebelieve, and how she grew from childhood to womanhood, under the care of her mother, the resourceful and imaginative charwoman. And when Mary Makebelieve has travelled a fair distance along that path which leads to marriage, a husband's friendly kicks and blows, and a family, her story is very sensibly left to continue itself in the fancies of its readers. This does not sound exciting, and yet exciting it is at certain points. Certainly Mary's existence is anything but calm and untroubled as long as the astoundingly big and wise policeman is hovering over her, nor are her mother's experiences with her employers always of the quietest. " Mrs. Makebelieve's clients were always new. She could not remain for any length of time in people's employment without being troubled by the fact that these folk had houses of their own and were actually employing her in a menial capacity. She sometimes looked at their black silk aprons in a way which they never failed to observe with anger, and on their attempting (as they always termed it) to put her in her proper place, she would discuss their appearance and morals with such power that they at once dismissed her from their employment and incited their husbands to assault her."

Any attempt to describe the delights of this book is doomed to absolute failure. I have tried to tell my friends about it, and have failed ignominiously every time, and in the end I have had

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to be content with an ecstatic smile, and with simply begging them to read it. I really know of nothing just like it in the English language, save *The Crock of Gold,* and for the most part that is even better. Perhaps Mr. Stephens has learned something from Mr. H. G. Wells' *History of Mr. Polly,* but if he has he has made it entirely his own, and in any event his debt could not be great. The book is simply overflowing from beginning to end with a naïve humor of the most delightful and individual kind, and with this there goes at times a real pathos that can never be mistaken for sentimentalism. Beyond that there is the pleasant fact that in it we have to do with real and indubitable human beings. I do not mean real in the sense that Mr. George Moore would—for these people are anything but stupid and mean and ugly. But at the same time they are infused with a spirit which is instinct with vital life, and their lives were conceived in a mind which has in it the rich fruitage of a loving and close observation of human character.

Of *The Crock of Gold* I scarcely dare trust myself to speak, and yet I have arrived at those years of discretion which come only with the reading of many novels. In the first place the book is a novel by scarcely any known standard. It is a delightful fantasy rather, an Irish fairy tale. What I say may seem to be contradictory, for Irish fairy tales sometimes have a way of being stupid that is all their own. This book, however, is anything rather than stupid, it is literally packed with the most charming kind of humor, humor of a quality that has scarcely ever been equalled, I am sure. In sadness I must admit, though, that there are some people who will not like it. I know of one woman who has conscientiously made herself into a machine for the cataloguing of books and the manufacturing of bibliographies, who said of *The Crock of Gold* that it, as she termed it, "bored her to extinction." One's faith in humanity is kept green by the reflection that librarians must, in the nature of things, be rather exceptional people.

After many arguments on the subject I remain convinced that *The Crock of Gold* is a true story. For there are real fairies in it, and two philosophers who are not so wise as they seem, and their wives, the Grey Woman and the Thin Woman,

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who "were not in the least softened by maternity—they said that they had not bargained for it, that the children were gotten under false pretences, that they were respectable married women, and that, as a protest against their wrongs, they would not cook any more food for the Philosophers." Such things must actually have been, they never could have been imagined. And besides, the great god Pan is in this story, and while he is just as nice as any god could be, yet, even so, Irish patriotism triumphs in the production of Angus Óg, a home-made Irish god, who, in spite of his name, proves to be even nicer than Pan. Therein lies a problem for metaphysicians to unravel; and in the meanwhile I ask, who, in the face of all this, can dare to assert that the story is untrue? If there are any who will rise to this challenge I would desire above all things to treat them fairly; so I will hasten to acknowledge that that part of the story in which the philosopher listens to the ill-timed sermons of his fellow inmates of the county jail must of course be the purest fiction. For in real life this wise philosopher would certainly have prevented them from doing what in them lay toward spoiling such an otherwise wholly delightful tale as *The Crock of Gold*. And besides, this action of the prisoners is in its essence supererogatory, for the story itself drives home so much more forcefully than they can the very lesson which they wish to convey.

Very often the words of Mr. Stephens, both in prose and verse, seem to have a meaning for me that is not to be connected directly with anything on the printed page; a spirit of which he is conscious and yet which cannot be defined in specific words seems to be speaking through him. More than a hint of what I mean by this will be found by turning to the work of a man whom nowadays we are proud to despise, judging him by our knowledge of his self-styled followers and by our ignorance of his own work. Walter Pater once wrote: "Mind and soul:—hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. . . . As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of,

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with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration." It is this quality of soul which Mr. Stephens has; it is a quality which makes it seem as if the primary voice of our age were speaking through him, rather than as if he were speaking about that primary voice.

I may appear to be drawn into some exaggeration, but do not mistake me. I know well enough that the actual performance, in poetry at all events, of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Davies, Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson, is unsatisfactory from many points of view. I am aware that, for all we yet know, these men are indubitably among those whom we "damn in a lump as minor poets." I know that their technical methods, or non-technical methods, are very hard things to defend from the attacks of the conventional. But despite all this I cannot help regarding these men as the most significant figures in contemporary English poetry, both because they are alone in exhibiting an interpretation of life that is in the fullest accord with the spirit of our age, and because they point distinctly forward to what I confidently believe will be the next development in the progress of English poetry, that is, the poetry of socialism. All these men are instinct with this spirit, a thing which we must call, for the lack of a better name and in the absence of the verdict of posterity, the Spirit of To-day. The expression of each of them is individualized, and is sharply differentiated from that of the others, but underneath all differences we can detect unmistakably a fundamental similarity of tone—it is the note of humanity in the whole that is being struck.

It is but natural that older men should be slower to perceive this spirit, and so we find that those in authority have been for the most part rather contemptuous of the new poetry. They have been blind to its merits, while exhibiting an almost unseemly eagerness to point out its obvious defects. To men younger and so more receptive to what is novel and fresh this is bound to be irritating. And to some, to those who have not realized that in this world of constant change older men always have been and always will be more in sympathy with what is past than with what is yet to come, to those, I say, the attitude of the older men will be more or less disquieting. But these

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young men should remember that by their very perception of a new spirit, of a fresh step forward, they are proclaiming themselves to be among the more fortunate in our age, to be among that small band of the elect who are now bearing the brunt of that constant, never-ending fight which makes for constant, never-ending progress. And so these young men should hail with renewed courage and confidence that breath of vital, organic life which is now stirring in a few brave hearts, and which points unmistakably forward to a great development in the future.

"But on the sky, a hand's-breadth in the west,
A faint cold brightness crept and soared and spread,
Until the rustling heavens overhead,
And the gray trees and grass were manifest:
Then thro' the chill a golden spear was hurled,
And the big sun tossed laughter on the world."

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Comic Opera in New York

THE comic opera situation in New York State is still amusing a small section of the public: but to the majority of the onlookers, and all of the actors, it has ceased to be entertaining. For the information of those whose memory is imperfect, the plot of the piece may be restated. Mr. Sulzer, an excellent Tammany henchman, was picked up by the machine and deposited in the Capitol at Albany. But while Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the perpetual *de facto* ruler of New York State, was waiting for the usual recognition of his benignancy in selecting a nominal substitute, the substitute, confused by his surroundings, was dreaming of a wider sphere of influence, of presidential glories and a capacious niche in the national temple of fame. Unfortunately, Mr. Sulzer did not realize that only big men can do big things with ease and impunity. He failed, like so many who for a moment loom importantly in the public eye, to recognize his own limitations. He rebelled against his benefactors. But Tammany does not appreciate rebels. It resolved to discipline its errant son, assuming, with the confidence of long experience, that the public would not notice that the blackest of all black pots was attributing the proverbial sombreness to the kettle. Nor did Mr. Sulzer quite realize that the *tu quoque* argument does not whiten the kettle.

Well, whatever the immediate outcome, Mr. Sulzer is happily restored to his natural environment of mediocrity, and another Tammany administration for the State has been made impossible for a long time to come, if the public has the slightest regard for decency and common sense. But, in the meantime, since Mr. Sulzer has refused to obey the orders of his master and pay the tribute demanded, Mr. Murphy of Fourteenth Street has come out openly—a little too openly, even in these days of cowardly neglect of public duty by indifferent citizens—as the dictator of the commonwealth, the maker and unmaker of governors, and the arch-exponent of graft, corruption and insolence.

Comic opera of this type may be appreciated in New York

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City; but the up-State voters will not conceal their opinions when the opportunity for adequate expression arrives.

The Mayoralty Muddle

THE gentlemen mainly responsible for conducting the anti-Tammany campaign have done their best to defeat themselves. Open or concealed dissensions, unwise choices and weak methods have done much to prepare the way for a Murphy triumph, even in a year when Tammany, insolently over-careless, had exposed itself to a rebuff which should have been decisive and painful.

But it is not too late to make success a certainty. John Purroy Mitchel should not have been nominated this year as the head of the ticket. He could have afforded to wait. His turn would inevitably have come later, when he would have been in a better position to do justice to the personal qualities which will eventually give him national prominence. However, he has been nominated, and he must remain. But he must show the power of leadership that he undoubtedly possesses and take personal direction of affairs. A short, aggressive campaign on the clearest of issues should suffice.

Mr. Mitchel is fortunate in his opponent, Mr. McCall. There is no doubt as to the latter's position. He carries the standard of the tiger openly, with both hands; and behind him are the thousands of hands that are waiting for the opportunity of obtruding themselves into the public treasury. It is a delightful situation for a civilized city, and Mr. Mitchel will know how to present it suitably to the public.

Food for Reflection

The Globe, of New York, is doing excellent work in its exposures of the endless frauds perpetrated by provision dealers. Last month, entirely through its initative, Sulzberger and Sons Company, the well-known packers, were convicted of selling rotten meat and were fined $500. The evidence brought out facts that were intolerably nauseating. Here is one example—a statement attributed to the provision manager of the company:

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"That fellow" (referring to the man who bought the meat from the company) "is one of the bunch of grave diggers that hang around looking for rotten meat all the time. He was here yesterday begging for the stuff, and this morning I sold it to him for just what it was—rotten, stinking meat. It was stinking our icebox out. That's the kind of stuff these dogs put into pickle."

But how about the man who sold such stuff to "these dogs"? And how about the company who employed such a man? And how about the inspectors who are supposed to protect the public against such abominable knavery?

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad

ON the day on which Mr. Howard Elliott, the new president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, assumed his duties, he issued a statement, intended for the employees of the company, in which the following paragraph occurred:

"The New Haven Road is a great property, and there is no reason why, with loyal support and the hearty coöperation of all, it should not be made the best and safest road in the United States."

Precisely.

Ulster

THE intention of Ulster to resist Home Rule gains steadily in strength and definiteness, and arrangements have already been practically completed for the setting up of a Provisional Government at Belfast, whenever the bill receives the royal assent.

The situation is critical and deplorable; but there is a little of the irony of destiny in the fact that Ireland, which has so long insisted upon being a problem to the British Government, should now be confronted with the necessity of dealing with a similar problem within her own borders. But she will no doubt settle the question by leaving it to England—a somewhat curious and altogether regrettable solution, scarcely reconcilable with the principle of Home Rule.

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Mors Omnibus Communis

ALTHOUGH death is obtrusively familiar to us, we have learnt, wisely or unwisely, so to order our lives that the inevitable end of all our brief activity is rarely taken into full consideration, as a regulating and decisive factor. And this may seem well, for we escape at least from the sense of impotence and incompleteness that would daunt the weak and throw some shadows even in the path of the strong. There are few, however fortified by creeds or comforted by faith, who take death quietly by the hand each morning, as a comrade with whom they may be sleeping, when the night comes. Yet it were better to live with a clear realization of all that living means, and to accept death, not only in the moment of dissolution, reluctantly or with resignation, but, without fear or resentment, when we are indeed in the very midst of life. It is not necessary to be a pessimist to say, with St. Paul, "I die daily." There is no strength, except in truth; there is nothing but weakness in any evasion of the truth.

Activity is good. The living of life is good. Purpose and will are good. But it is not good that we lose ourselves in the fret and fever of life, as if the ephemeral triumphs and ephemeral failures were eternally significant. The remembrance of death is tonic. If that remembrance were more vivid, there would be less indecency both in public and in private life: not through fear, but through reason. Even a Tammany sense of humor cannot evade the irony of the Gospel according to St. Luke, chapter 12, verses 19 and 20.

Patriotism or Provincialism?

EUROPE is still a little parochial in its prejudices. Not long ago, stories of British greed and cunning helped to stir the French chauvinist to madness. Now the zeal of the German Navy League is fostered by recitals of a similar nature. One of the latest achievements in manufactured news is a statement to the effect that English machinations were responsible for the anti-German feeling lately displayed by the Chinese rebels. England is also to blame, it seems, for the recent " outburst of Nor-

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wegian patriotism" that has been curiously resented by a portion of the German press. All that really appears to have happened in this connection is that, owing to some slight misunderstanding, the Kaiser was not received quite so cordially as usual by the people during his last cruise in Norwegian waters.

A Regrettable Precedent

IT is not necessary to express any opinion with regard to individual culpability in the Diggs-Caminetti cases. But one thing stands out very clearly—that the Mann "white slave" law was never intended to apply to such cases, and that a dangerous precedent, capable of extraordinary developments, has been established—temporarily.

An Appreciation

MRS. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, whose series on the New Abolition Movement is concluded in this issue, has devoted herself since 1903 to the organization and advocacy of progressive measures. Her extensive educational and ministerial work—she was ordained in 1891—gave her valuable experience, and she has brought to the service of the public a trained intellect and the inspiration of a rare personality. Her work is free from the hectic and irritant qualities associated with the uninformed and narrow-minded; she has been concerned in finding the truth, not in inventing fiction; and her contributions to the cause of womanhood will outvalue all the disingenuous efforts of the political and social cliques which depend upon misrepresentation and appeal to hysteria.

With the Immortals

THE noble and pathetic in history may sometimes have its comic counterpart. We all know the Roman sentinel at Pompeii, who was on guard when the fatal eruption from Vesuvius destroyed the town, and how he stood immovably at his post till that relieving party should come which never came. And now we learn that he had a rival in fidelity where we least expected. For a wine-shop has just been unearthed at Pompeii with the

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cash still in the till and the barman at his post, although the customers had gone. He, at any rate, was determined that, even in the crash of the falling sky, no thirsty soul that could pay for a draught of Massic should be foiled of its desire. Let him take rank with the Head Waiter at the Cock, and Shakespeare's Francis, and other classic wielders of the spigot.

Curfew

ALTHOUGH the custom of ringing curfew is generally regarded as a rare and curious survival, the practice still obtains, more or less irregularly, and sometimes under other names, in seventy-six towns and villages of Great Britain. The schoolboy of the past used to be taught that the curfew was due to an arbitrary and oppressive edict by William the Conqueror, designed to send his new Saxon subjects to bed at a nursery hour, and thus keep them from dangerous midnight plottings. The schoolboy of the present, if he pays any attention at all to the matter, probably understands the real significance of the *couvre-feu,* relates it in certain localities to Alfred the Great, and regards the "out-lights" signal as an excellent measure of a paternal government at a time when dwellings were almost exclusively of wood, when the methods of illumination were primitive, and our distant ancestors went peacefully to slumber at an hour when the modern man is just rising from his dinner and beginning to consider how he shall employ his evening. At that time the words "The night cometh when no man can work" were a forceful illustration, drawn from daily life.

Curfew ringing at Durham is a solemn custom, the knell being sounded on the great bell of the cathedral at nine in the evening, and continued for five minutes. It is not sounded on Sundays. At some places curfew is not rung continuously throughout the year—as at Brackley, Northants, where it rings from Michaelmas to Lady Day, the long, light evenings of summer being uninterrupted. At several places early morning bells are rung, in addition to an evening peal, thus giving some color to the view that many so-called "curfew bells" are not curfews at all, but survivals of the Angelus.

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Curfew still rings at eight o'clock every night in the old city of Winchester, the ancient capital from which the edict for a general *couvre-feu* first went forth. It sounds from the picturesque belfry-turret of the old Guildhall, which, with its boldly projecting bracket-clock, is a prominent feature of the High Street. At Minster in Thanet, and other places, the bell used to ring, and probably does so still, as many times as the number of days that have elapsed during the current month. Other nightly ringings, as at Kidderminster, where a bell rings for an hour, are not of curfew origin, but are due to some such incident as the escape of a shepherd through a chance bell-ringing, and a subsequent bequest to pay for a continued commemoration.

De Profundis

In a recent number of *The British Review* there was a paper on the dispossessed, the unemployed. There are many who do not need to be reminded of the strange contrasts of "civilization"; they have difficulty in forgetting. But there are others whose feelings may properly and profitably be subjected to a little harrowing.

"I am of the depths, and out of the depths I speak. Thousands of those around me do not know the meaning of change or color in their lives; their existence is a perpetual monotonous struggle with poverty. Starved in babyhood, starved in childhood, starved in manhood, such is their life's epitome. No wonder many are degraded into miserable creatures of apathy, ignorance and suicide, doomed to a slow suicide by the community which refuses them a fulness of life. No wonder many lie and thieve and murder and prostitute their bodies; no wonder their language is filthy and their few amusements brutal and degraded.

"And over this festering mass passes, gay, triumphant, elate, the pageant of what we call civilization."

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